

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## POETRY.

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NUMBERS OF THE LIVING AGE WANTED. The publishers are in want of Nos. 1179 and 1180 (dated respectively Jan. 5th and Jan. 12th, 1867) of THE LIVING AGE. To subscribers, or others, who will do us the favor to send us either or both of those numbers, we will return an equivalent, either in our publications or in cash, until our wants are supplied.

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From The Argosy.  
NOT LOST.

THE look of sympathy, the gentle word  
Spoken so low that only Angels heard;  
The secret act of pure self-sacrifice,  
Unseen by men, but marked by Angels' eyes;  
These are not lost.

The sacred music of a tender strain  
Wrung from a poet's heart by grief and pain,  
And chanted timidly, with doubt and fear,  
To busy crowds who scarcely pause to hear,  
It is not lost.

The silent tears that fall at dead of night  
Over soiled robes which once were pure and  
white;

The prayers that rise like incense from the soul,  
Longing for Christ to make it clean and whole;  
These are not lost.

The happy dreams that gladdened all our youth,  
When dreams had less of self and more of truth;  
The childlike faith so tranquil and so sweet,  
Which sat like Mary at the Master's feet;  
These are not lost.

The kindly plans devised for others' good,  
So seldom guessed, so little understood;  
The quiet steadfast love that strove to win  
Some wanderer from the woeful ways of sin;  
These are not lost.

Not lost, O Lord, for in Thy city bright,  
Our eyes shall see the past by clearer light;  
And things long hidden from our gaze below,  
Thou wilt reveal, and we shall surely know  
They were not lost.

SARAH DOUDNET.

From The Transcript.  
SONG.

THIS wild but singularly poetical song appeared in the poem of Balder, published by the poet who conceals his true name under the strange signature of Sydney Yendys.

Amy. The years they come, and the years they go,  
Like winds that blow from sea to sea;  
From dark to dark they come and go,  
All in the dew-fall and the rain.

Down by the stream there be two sweet willows,  
—Hush thee, babe, while the wild winds blow,—  
One hale, one blighted, two wedded willows  
All in the dew-fall and the rain.

She is blighted, the fair young willow,  
—Hush thee, babe, while the wild winds blow,—  
She hears the spring-blood beat in the bark;  
She hears the spring-leaf bud on the bough;  
But she bends blighted, the wan weeping willow,  
All in the dew-fall and the rain.

The stream runs sparkling under the willow,  
—Hush thee, babe, while the wild winds blow,—  
The summer rose-leaves drop in the stream;  
The winter oak-leaves drop in the stream;  
But she bends blighted, the wan weeping willow,  
All in the dew-fall and the rain.

Sometimes the winds lift the bright stream to her,  
—Hush thee, babe, while the wild winds blow,—  
The false stream sinks, and her tears fall faster;  
Because she touch'd it her tears fall faster;  
Over the stream her tears fall faster;  
All in the sunshine or the rain.

The years they come, and the years they go;  
Sing well-away, sing well-away!  
And under mine eyes shines the bright life-river;  
Sing well-away, sing well away!  
Sweet sounds the spring in the hale green willow,  
The goodly green willow, the green waving willow;  
Sweet in the willow, the wind-whispering willow;  
Sing well-away, sing well-away!  
But I bend blighted, the wan weeping willow,  
All in the sun, and the dew, and the rain.

THE clerical circles at Rome—and in May Rome is all clerical circles—were in a great state of consternation on Friday morning. It had just been discovered that the rebellious Orientals had escaped. Only a day or two before a Roman prelate had been to see the Armenian Bishop Casangian, in the monastery where he was a guest or a prisoner, and had found him in bed, declaring himself to be far too ill to move. Yet on Friday it was ascertained that, by the aid of two friends' passports, the supposed sick man and the Archbishop of Diarbekr had left Rome by railway for Naples, intending to go thence by steamer to Constantinople, in order to take a leading position in the new Armenian schism. That blessed word Mesopotamia, can no longer be in good odour at Rome, for the archbishopric of Diarbekr is its north-west province. Men say at Constantinople that, in the way of subtle dealing, it takes seven Italians to match one Greek, but that seven Greeks are scarcely a match for one Armenian. Certainly the two Armenian prelates at Rome have proved more than a match for the whole of the Pontifical police, lay and clerical, though rumour says they were aided in their flight by Rustem Bey, who lately returned to Rome, and whose frequent visits to the Palazzo Colonna may have had some influence in getting them passports; but all that seems certain is that they are gone. *Bon voyage.*

From The Contemporary Review.  
NATURE-DEVELOPMENT AND THEOLOGY.\*

Two methods of contemplating Nature seem to have existed since the first dawnings of human thought. It would be difficult to say which was the earlier; for, though apparently irreconcilable with each other, they seem to have been contemporaneous. A German philosopher once said that every man was born either a Platonist or an Aristotelian. Certain ways of thinking belong to certain classes of men, and methods of philosophy take their character from that of the minds which originate them.

The study of Nature was doubtless the first study that engaged the human mind. The earliest religions, theologies, and mythologies of all nations have been connected with systems of Nature. The most probable interpretation of Pagan worship is that which resolves it into the worship of Nature, making the heathen gods and goddesses personifications of the invisible forces that pervade the universe. The oldest theologians identify God and Nature. The old Brahman said that Brahm protruded the universe from Himself, as the tortoise protrudes its limbs, or as the spider weaves a web from its own bowels. Hermes Trismegistus, the interpreter of the Egyptian theology, called all created things parts and members of God. Bunsen, describing the religion of the early Egyptians, says —

“God dwelt

In the piled mountain rock, the veined plant,  
And pulsing brute, and where the planets wheel  
Through the blue skies, Godhead moved in them.”

The fundamental idea of these religions was Development. The divine substance was evolved into the being of the universe, so that all natures or substances were in

\* *On the Physical Basis of Life.* By Professor Huxley. “Fortnightly Review,” Feb. 1869. Chapman and Hall.

*As regards Protoplasm in Relation to Professor Huxley's Essay.* By James H. Stirling, LL.D. Blackwood and Sons. 1869.

*The Reign of Law.* By the Duke of Argyll. Fifth Edition. Strahan & Co. 1870.

*Essays, Philosophical and Theological.* By James Martineau. Trubner & Co. 1866.

*Das Christenthum und die moderne Naturwissenschaft.* Von F. Frohschammer. Williams and Norgate. 1868.

their original one nature or substance. This is probably the best key to the meaning of the old Greek philosophers. Their object was to find the first or primordial essence. Thales said it was “water;” Anaximander called it the “boundless,” because, being all, it could not be any one of the things that are finite; Anaximenes called it “air;” Pythagoras called it the “one;” Heraclitus “fire,” or the “eternal strife;” and Parmenides “being.” Aristotle says, “Our ancestors and men of great antiquity have left us a tradition, involved in fable, that these first essences are gods, and that the Divinity comprehends the whole of Nature.”

The other method of contemplating Nature regards it as a work distinct from its Author. It cannot be said that this idea was unknown even to the earliest teachers of Development. The Hindu Brahm, that evolved Nature from His own being, was also Creator, Preserver, and Destroyer. He created, formed, or moulded Nature according to His will. This implied in the Deity a personality which the idea of evolution seemed to deny. The doctrine of a forming and designing mind working in Nature is supposed by some to have been held by Thales and the other Greek philosophers, who made the primal element the chief object of their search. But when Anaxagoras appeared, teaching that “the Divine Mind was the cause of all things, and had arranged them in their proper ranks and classes,” Aristotle said that, compared with the other Ionics, he was like “a sober man.” Socrates, however, who had deeper religious feelings, was not satisfied with the doctrine of Anaxagoras. It was not enough that the Divine Being should construct the universe, and then leave it, like a self-acting machine, to its own laws. Socrates could not conceive of the Deity ceasing from His work, and retiring into undisturbed repose. The God of Socrates sits on no silent throne. He works unceasingly. In the words of Goethe, Nature never lacks his presence:—

“So dass was in Ihm lebt und webt und ist  
Nie Seine Kraft nie Seinen Geist vermisst.”

Or in the words of our own poet Cowper:—

“There lives and works  
A soul in all things, and that soul is God.”

Plato, in his philosophy, combined the

"Being" of Parmenides with the "Mind" of Anaxagoras. He reconciled the two theologies which have generally been thought irreconcilable. "The Being" was also "the Artificer of the Universe." "When God," Plato says, "had formed the soul of the world, the soul shot itself into the midst of the universe to the extremities of being. Spreading itself everywhere, and reacting upon itself, it formed at all times a divine origin of the eternal wisdom." The Book of Genesis represents the Creator as working six days, and then resting from his creation. It is not said that he made created things of His own substance, nor even that all things are originally of one substance. "God made the beast of the earth *after his kind*, and cattle *after their kind*, and every living thing that creepeth upon the earth *after his kind*." The creating "Mind" of Anaxagoras, which wrought once and then retired, gives the idea of God and His relation to nature which most resembles that of the Book of Genesis. Whether the Biblical account is a popular conception, or a partial statement adapted to the ordinary understanding, or a full scientific account of creation, is not a question at present to be discussed. The same view of creation is frequently found in ancient authors. Lucretius gives all things a distinct nature of their own —

"Res quæque suo ritu procedit et omnes  
Fœdere naturæ certo discrimina servant."

The account of creation with which Ovid begins his *Metamorphoses* resembles that in Genesis: —

"Ante mare et terras, et quod tegit omnia cœlum  
Unus erat toto naturæ vultus in orbe."

Bayle translates this passage as meaning that before there was a heaven, an earth, and a sea, nature was all "homogeneous." This interpretation has been disputed, as Ovid says, immediately after —

"Mollia cum duris sine pondere habentia pondus."

But there is not any real contradiction. The original chaos consisted of a primary matter, in which things afterwards "soft" and "hard," "light" and "heavy," were blended together. The creating Deity, *Quisquis fuit ille deorum*, formed all things out of this first matter, and gave them the

qualities which now they have. This is clearly the Mosaic doctrine of creation. But in Horace we have the development of men from "a dumb and filthy herd" of animals, who at first fought for acorns with their nails and fists; afterwards they forged arms, then they learned to speak, and at last built cities and established governments.

"Mutum et turpe pecus glandem atque cubilia  
propter  
Unguibus et pugnis de in fastibus," &c.

The revival of the doctrine of development in Nature is contemporaneous with the science of geology. That science, ever in its first essays, can scarcely be dated earlier than the second half of the last century. It is true that almost three hundred years ago Bernard Palissy pronounced a mine of marl to be a mass of shells deposited by the sea. But even in the last century the marine character of the shells, and the theories founded on their discovery, were ridiculed by the wise men of Europe. Voltaire said he would sooner believe that "Edith, the wife of Lot, was changed into a statue of salt," than that the ocean once deposited shells in the vicinity of Chablais and Ripaille, or on the top of Mont Cenis. It was more likely that pilgrims to Rome had carried them in their bonnets!

But incipient geologists, from the discovery of the shells so far from the sea, believed that the sea must once have covered the whole earth. There were many things that seemed to confirm this belief. The ancient Egyptians had deified the Nile. Out of water came that abundant fertility which made the riches and the strength of Egypt. Homer and Hesiod traced the origin of all things to Oceanus and Tethys. Thales supposed water the first element of Nature, and the Book of Genesis says that the Spirit of God brooded over the face of the deep. The marine origin of the world, and all that is therein, was set forth by De Maillet, one of the early students of what is now the science of geology. He found, or at least thought he found, the bones of men, animals, and reptiles, with oyster and coral shells, all mingled together and petrified into hard rock. He could only account for their being there by the action of the sea when the masses were soft and liquid. He said that



petrified ships had been dug up on the tops of the Alps and the Apennines, and that keels, anchors, and masts had been found among the sands of Libya. On a Swiss mountain there had been discovered the petrified bodies of sixty mariners, who had been shipwrecked in a storm before the beginning of the Egyptian chronology. But unnumbered ages previous to that era the ocean embraced the seeds of all things in one mass of homogeneous protoplasm.

But before man had come to the perfection of his being it was necessary to suppose that he had existed as a simpler organism than he now is. He may have been a mollusc, a star-fish, a flat-fish, a turbot, or a cod. The fins may have lengthened into arms, the forked tails into legs, and so the fish became a man. He was at first, of course, a *sea-man*; for till the gills had been changed into lungs he could not live out of his native element. It was easy for the unbelieving Voltaire to laugh at this doctrine. He could no more believe it than he could believe in petrified sea-shells or besalted "Edith, Lot's wife." "Notwithstanding," he says, "the extreme passion for genealogies which now prevails, there are few people who would believe that they descended from a turbot or a cod-fish. To establish this system, all species and elements must absolutely have changed into one another, and Ovid's *Metamorphoses* would become the best book of physics ever written."

But "the unlearned man laughs at the philosopher." De Maillet saw a unity of type in Nature. He found correspondences between different organisms. Nature was a ladder of which he did not see all the steps; but he saw some. It was a chain of which he had found some links; but he could not put them together. His first effort was to link together the forms of life on dry land and those in the sea. The ocean still bears witness to its universal fatherhood. "We have sea-roses, sea-lilies, sea-violets, and sea-vines. When the water receded from the land plants and flowers remained. What changes they have since undergone are due to the influence of the sun and fresh water, being nourished by the rains and rivulets that water the earth. Similar conformations are visible in animals.

Varieties of plumage and form in birds have their analogies in the shape, colour, and disposition of the scales of fishes. The fins of a fish are arranged like the feathers in its analogous bird. If we attend to the flight of birds we shall discover a likeness to the mode in which the corresponding fishes swim in the water. The same analogies De Maillet finds between land animals and sea animals. When the water left the land the marine animals had no alternative but to become land animals; and should the ocean again overflow the world, what could they do but again betake themselves to the sea? In the struggle for life many would, doubtless, perish; but some would eat the herb of Glaucus, and when used to the new element, would find a congenial home with their ancient marine relatives, the children of Nereus and Doris."\* De Maillet wanted but one link to connect the marine half of creation with that on dry land. This link was a *sea-man*. There were *mer-maids*, doubtless; but the *mer-men* were not so plentiful. Such beings, however, had been seen. There was one caught in Holland, one at Exeter, and one in the twelfth century on the coast of Suffolk. He was taken to Cambridge; but one day, when walking in St. Peter's quadrangle, he eluded his keeper, plunged into the Cam, and never again appeared. In the last century about sixty of these *sea-men* surrounded an English whaler near Greenland. Each of them rowed a little boat. When they saw the sailors in the ship they went under the sea, boats and all, except one who broke his oar. He was caught, but died soon after. His boat and fishing tackle were curiously made of fish bones. They were brought to England, and, for the information of the curious, De Maillet says that they may yet be seen in the Town Hall of Hull.

In the second half of the last century the doctrine of development was taken up by J. B. Robinet, author of a once famous work called "*De la Nature*." Nature with Robinet was not God, but it was necessarily and eternally evolved from the divine essence. "In the beginning," in Genesis, means out of time and in eternity. Crea-

\* Hunt's "Essay on Pantheism," p. 359.

tion is the everlasting work of the Deity, who from eternity has been working in and after the manner of Nature. The law which chiefly prevails in Nature is progression. There are no leaps. All things begin to exist under the smallest possible forms. Nature in itself knows nothing of kingdoms, classes, or species. These are artificial, the work of man. All things must have come from a unity, which has been infinitely diversified. This was the prototype of all that exists. Nature has been ever aiming at higher and more complete organizations. This is illustrated by the architectural skill of man, which begins with a hut or wigwam, and rises to an *Escorial* or a *Louvre*. The *ourang* was next to man in the scale of being. All the links of Nature's chain may not yet have been discovered, but ere long, Robinet said, science must discover them.

Lamarck followed Robinet, adding nothing to the theory, but by natural studies bringing it more within the region of science. To him, as to Robinet, Nature had no immutable orders or species. Circumstances and conditions were the cause of diversities and variations, even of those between vegetables and animals, insects and men. Nature is one. A seminal fluid pervades creation, and impregnates matter when placed in circumstances favourable to life. Nature begins with simple forms — "rough drafts" — infusoria and polypi. When life has once pressed in, it strives to increase the organism which it animates. This internal striving, or "sentiment," as Lamarck called it, was the physical cause of the possession of the different senses and organs of the body. The duck and the beaver, having long endeavoured to swim, webs at length grew on their feet; the antelope and gazelle became swift to run because often pursued by beasts of prey; the neck of the caméléopard was elongated through stretching its head to the high branches of the trees on which it finds its food. In this way the "mute and filthy race" mentioned by Horace, after long efforts to speak, became "articulate-speaking men."

The doctrine of development, even though sanctioned by the great name of Lamarck, was still a subject of ridicule. Men could not believe it. They grinned at the suggestion of such an ancestry as it ascribed to the human race. But its history in this century is the history of the science of Nature. Cuvier withstood it to the last; but his great contemporary and fellow-worker, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, only waited till Cuvier completed his classification of the animal kingdom, that from this very work he might

draw arguments in support of development. Cuvier thought to find the natural classification, but confessed he could not find it. St. Hilaire doubted its existence. The lines which seem to separate between genera and species were to him as imaginary as the lines of latitude and longitude which divide the globe. When this subject was discussed by Cuvier and St. Hilaire before the French Academy in 1830, it is said to have engrossed the public mind even more than the impending revolution. The doctrine of development was made popular in England by the famous "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation." It is supported by the long and patient labours of Mr. Darwin, and it now numbers among its converts the distinguished geologist, Sir Charles Lyell. The "Vestiges" rejected Lamarck's doctrine of the "internal sentiment," making the phenomenon of reproduction the key to the generation of species. Mr. Darwin accounts for the diversities in Nature called species by the principle of "Natural Selection."

The doctrine of development was at first a speculation about Nature. It originated in the speculative philosophy. It is in that region still, however much some of its advocates may exclaim against all philosophy not founded on observation and experience. The human mind has ever had intuitions of a unifying principle which made all one in the midst of diversity. The "one in the many" was as familiar to the old Greek as it is to the modern German. The "Nature producing" and the "Nature produced" of Spinoza, the "Deity in Himself" and in "His other being" of Schelling, were theological ideas which, after uniting God and Nature, led to expectations of a continued unity in Nature itself. Experiment and observation have provided facts which tend to confirm the hypothesis, but which do not prove it. A purely scientific man may say that he believes that it is the probable solution of Nature's secret, yet he must confess the contrast is considerable between the conclusion and the premises.

Mr. Huxley's paper is a discourse on the "Physical Basis of life." He supposes that he has found the protoplasm, or first matter, out of which all things were made. He identifies it with a semi-fluid substance to be found lining the inner surface of the outer case of the hair of a stinging-nettle. He sees in all things a unity of faculty, of form, and of substance. The painter and the lichen he paints, the botanist and the flower which he classifies, Mr. Huxley and the animalcules under his microscope, are all composed of "masses of protoplasm." To the

question—is there no difference between a “plant” and an “animal?” Mr. Huxley answers that “plants and animals are not separable, and that in many cases it is a mere matter of convention whether we call a given organism an animal or a plant.” Mr. Stirling denies that Mr. Huxley has found the protoplasm. He quotes against him the most “advanced” Germans, who find that the cells which are reckoned to contain protoplasm differ in their chemical ingredients. He denies that either “Molecularists or Darwinians” are able “to level out the difference between organic and inorganic, or between genera and genera, or species and species.”

We do not believe that Mr. Huxley has found the first matter of life. We do not believe that he ever will find it, and for this reason, that it is “beyond all the physical forces which man can test and try.” It is not to be seen, tested, or handled. It is outside of the grossness of matter. It will ever elude his grasp like the sunbeam through the window, or the phantasmagorian images on the canvas. He may find a stage in its progress from the invisible to the visible, which may seem to be a resting place. Other physiologists will tell him to move on, and Mr. Huxley’s “semi-fluid” of the bark of the “hair of the stinging-nettle” will find a place in the same category with the primordial water of Thales the Milesian, the “eternal strife” of Heraclitus, or the homogenous “rudis indigestaque moles” of the Roman poet.

It is, however, possible—yea, probable—that such a basis of life does exist; that is to say, that all things are diversified formations from one homogeneous substance. Mr. Stirling thinks that Mr. Huxley has really not said anything remarkable in declaring that there is a protoplasm which is the matter of all organisms. For some time physiologists have traced the origin of all organization to primitive cells; even the popular mind has been used to the belief that man was made of dust. The objection to Mr. Huxley’s doctrine is not that he has found a universal protoplasm: that may be left for discussion with other physiologists. But Mr. Huxley is supposed to erect on his physical discovery a doctrine of materialism, and to account for the existence of the universe without the necessity of a forming mind.

The Duke of Argyll calls inferences of this kind a great injustice to scientific men, and refers specially to Professor Huxley’s article on Protoplasm, and the unwise criticism of some adverse reviewers. Mr. Huxley is often misunderstood, and we cannot

deny that this misunderstanding is sometimes due to his own phraseology, and perhaps even more to a certain tone which suggests more than is said, and in our judgment more than is meant. But within his own sphere there is no man living more deserving the confidence of truth-loving men than Professor Huxley. He does his own work well. To use a homely phrase, he keeps his own door-step clean. If his opponents did the same they would better understand Mr. Huxley, and Mr. Huxley would better understand them.

Those of us who for the last ten years have been thinking over these questions, look back with a feeling of amazement to the difficulties, once formidable, that have now disappeared like mountains of mist before the light of the sun. In the Duke of Argyll’s “Reign of Law,” doctrines and positions once denounced as infidel and atheistic are used to support religion, and to confirm men’s faith in the divine government of the world. The question of development in Nature should never have been a question of God or no God. The man of science and the theologian should alike have regarded it as simply a question of how the Divine Being works. The study of this is the study of science of God, and may be the employment of created minds throughout infinite ages. In the words of Wieland,—

“To think Him will be continually the highest striving of the deep thought  
Of every inhabitant of heaven: they will strive for ever.”

“Ihn zu denken wird stets die höchste Bestrebung des Tiefsinns  
Jedes Olympiers seyn, sie werden sich ewig bestreben.”

The Duke of Argyll says, “Whatever may have been the method or process of creation, it is creation still. If it were proved to-morrow that the first man was ‘born’ from some pre-existing Form of Life, it would still be true that such a birth must have been, in every sense of the word, a new creation.” Under the reign of law is defined as under “an agency through which we see working everywhere some purpose of the Everlasting Will.” Again, the Duke of Argyll says, “It is no mere theory, but a fact as certain as any other fact of science, that creation has had a history. It has not been a single act done and finished once for all, but a long series of acts—a work continuously pursued through an inconceivable lapse of time.”

The development hypothesis is grounded on some facts which must be acknowledged, whatever becomes of the hypothesis itself.

The first of these is what we may call a geological progression. The extinct forms of life are found to be connected by an orderly gradation with those which now exist. Creation has proceeded from lower to higher types. The evidence of this progression is not perfect, that is to say, some of the links are wanting; but so many have been found as to render it certain that the others once existed. We quote again from the "Reign of Law:"—"Very recently a discovery has been made, to which Mr. Darwin only a few years ago referred to as a discovery of which the chance is very small, viz., of fossil organisms in beds far beneath the lowest Silurian strata. This discovery has been made in Canada, in beds far down, near the bottom even, of the rocks hitherto termed Azoic. But what are the forms of life which have been found here? They belong to the very lowest of living types—to the 'Rhizopods.' So far as the discovery goes, therefore, it is in strict accordance with all the facts previously known—that as we go back in time we lose, one after another, the higher and more complex organisms: first, the Mammalia; then the Vertebrata; and now, lastly, even the Mollusca."

But before geology was a science, the unity of Nature had become evident to all students of the physical world. Even Cuvier admits analogies among the subdivisions of the four great classes into which he divided the animal kingdom. The Vertebrata shaded imperceptibly into the Mollusca, the Mollusca into the Articulata, and these again into the Radiata. St. Hilaire said that the divisions themselves were but arbitrary, for between each class there were intermediaries which completed the chain of being. Nor did it stop with animals: it passed into vegetables; and by the same continuity the organic passed into the inorganic. The disciples of Cuvier long withstood the doctrine of types: but they were at last compelled to yield. Professor Owen says that on reviewing the researches of anatomists into the special homologies of the cranial bones, he was surprised to find that they all agreed as to the existence of the determinable bones in the skull of every animal, down to the lowest osseous fish. One type serves for the arms of man, the wings of the bat, the forefeet of quadrupeds, and the paddles of the whale. Professor Huxley maintains that monkeys as well as men have the "posterior lobe" of the brain and the "hippocampus minor;" that they are not four-handed, as naturalists commonly make them, but that they have two feet and two hands, the feet consisting, like

a human foot, of an *os calcis*, an astragalus, and a scaphoid bone, with the usual tarsals and metatarsals. The ostrich does not fly, yet it has rudimentary wings. In some quadrupeds there is a membrane which covers the eye in sleep; corresponding to this, anatomists find a rudimentary membrane at the internal angle of the human eye. And not only are all animals formed on the same plan, but even the different parts of the same animals seem modifications of other parts. The osseous pouch of the allouat, the organ by means of which it makes its strange howl, is an enlargement of the hyoid bone; the purse of the female opossum is a deep fold of the skin; the trunk of the elephant is an excessive prolongation of the nostrils; and the horn of the rhinoceros a mass of adherent hairs. In some organisms the stomach is but a simple modification of the intestines. Every organ seems to have grown out of some other, by a modification or adaptation necessary for its present purpose. In the simpler forms of life different functions are performed by the same organs, but in the more complex forms special organs become appropriated to special functions. And even bones are formed after a type. Lorenz Oken saw the bleached skull of a deer in the Hartz forest, and he exclaimed, "It is a vertebral column!" Anatomists are now agreed that Oken was right. The same structure that served for the backbone served also for the skull.

This unity of plan pervades too the vegetable creation. It is remarkable that the scientific doctrine of vegetable morphology was not due to botanists, but to the clear intuitions of a poet. "It was," says Principal Tulloch in his Burnet Prize Essay, "to the fine and subtle glance of Goethe, roaming through nature, with so rich a perception of its harmonies, that typical forms of structure in the vegetable world first revealed themselves." In the "Metamorphoses of Plants" Goethe supposes nature ever to have had before her an ideal plant. Of this ideal every individual plant is a partial fulfilment. Not only are all plants formed after one type, but the appendages of every individual plant are repetitions of each other. The flowers are but the metamorphoses of the leaves. This doctrine was taken up with modifications by Schleiden, and again by De Candolle. It is now established as a certain truth in the science of botany. Lindley says that—

"Every flower, with its peduncle and bractæ, being the development of a flower-bud, and flowerbuds being altogether analogous to

leaf-buds, it follows as a corollary that every flower with its peduncle and bracteolæ, is a metamorphosed branch. And further, the flowers being abortive branches, whatever the laws are of the arrangement of branches with respect to each other, the same will be the laws of the flowers with respect to each other."

Professor Huxley dwells on a threefold unity of an organic existence. Besides the protoplasm there is a unity of faculty and a unity of form. The definition of man as an animal with a stomach who has to provide for some little animals like himself with stomachs, is a definition that for the most part embraces all creatures below man down to the lowest plant or animalcule. The sum of their existence, active and passive, is to feed, grow, and reproduce their kind. This definition of man is the foundation of all sound philosophy. It was recognized by Goethe when he wrote—

"Warum treibt sich das Volk so und schreit?  
Es will sich ernähren

Kinder zeugen und die nahren so gut es vermag

Weiter bringt es kein Mensch stell'er sich wie  
er auch will."

The nucleated protoplasm, which is the structural unit of the human body, is also the structural unit of every body, whether beast, fowl, reptile, fish, mollusc, worm, or polype. The functions and forms of all bodies are alike. The material of which they are composed is the same down even to the shapes of the protoplasmic cells.

Mr. Stirling denies that the cells are alike. He quotes Stricker for the existence of cells of various forms. Some are club-shaped, and some bottle-shaped; some are sharp and some flat; some circle-headed; and if we were to reason from men to the structural units we might infer that some are beetle-headed. The discoveries of physiology only confirm the fact of likenesses more evident than men wish them to be. All bodies are subject to the same laws of birth, growth, decline, and death. The peculiar features of men appear in the faces of some animals, while the faces of some animals reappear among men as if to mock their pride and remind them of undesired relationship. A German physiologist says that a man with a pig's face is common, and with a pig's head probably more common still. Sometimes, as if to confirm De Maillet's doctrine of the marine origin of the race, we see men with the high shoulders and the bulging eyes peculiar to the codfish. It is the recognition of a great fact in nature, and not a mere caricature of the artist, which

represents some women as feline, and finds in sundry men the contour of countenance which is the property of the ass. To reconcile us to our lot in having so humble an origin Oken maintains that the human body in intra-uterine life passes through thirteen stages corresponding to the modes of existence of different organisms from a vesicle to a mammal.

The chief theological objection to the development doctrine is the supposition that it conflicts with the theistic argument from the evidence of design in Nature. This has already been answered by the Duke of Argyll in what he says of the creative energy as being equally manifested, whether creation be one act or a progressive work. Mr. Martineau, whose "Essays" we refer to mainly because of a remarkable essay on "Nature and God," gives a similar answer. The materialist can never get rid of that "Force" in Nature which can be due only to mind. To this conclusion both the physical and metaphysical scrutiny of "Force" ultimately come. "This resolution," Mr. Martineau says, "of all external causation into Divine Will at once deprives the several theories of cosmical creation or development of all religious significance; not one of them has any resources to work with that are other than Divine." Every force is convertible with volition. Without this causality nothing can be done. Those who fancy that they can do without it commit "a logical theft" upon it piecemeal. They "crib causation by hair-breadths, to put it out at compound interest through all time, and then disown the debt." Mr. Martineau adds,—

"It is an equal error in the Theist to impute his faith in resistance to the doctrines of progressive development — be it in the formation of the solar system, in the consolidation of the earth's crust, or the origination of organic species. That doctrine would be atheistic only if the first germ on the one hand, and the evolution on the other, were root and branch undivine — some blind material force that could set itself up in rivalry to God's.

The objection of leading to atheism was raised against the doctrine of types, and for a long time stood in the way of its reception even by scientific men. Naturalists had hitherto found their best guide to the study of Nature in seeking the final cause, that is, the object or use for which anything was made. Lord Bacon had indeed intimated that this circle was too narrow, and that the first business of the student of Nature was to seek the physical cause rather than the final. He did not say that there is no final cause,



no design, but that the purpose or design is accomplished by means of the physical cause. It is this hint of Bacon's which has served not only to reconcile typology and final causes, but to place the whole doctrine in a new form, and to add strength to it as an argument for Theism. Comparative physiology revealed members for the use of which no account could be given. If they were of use in one kind of animal, in others they existed as mere "analogues," "homologues," "silent or abortive members."

The use of teats in females is evident, but no reason beyond symmetry can be assigned for their existence in males. The sutures in the head of a child may render birth easier for the mother, but why should the same sutures be in the head of a bird which has only to break the shell of an egg? The ostrich does not fly, yet it has little abortive wings, the "analogues" of the wings of birds that fly, and of the fore-arms of all mammals. A fish has gills to enable it to breathe in the water, yet corresponding bronchial apertures are found in reptiles, birds, and even in mammals, including man. The use is apparently not the first or immediate object, but rather unity of plan. Sometimes the "analogue" is used for different purposes according to the requirements of different animals, as the wing of the bird to fly in the air, or the paddle of the whale to help it through the deep, making a purpose beyond a purpose, or to quote Bacon's illustration, using these members as a wise politician makes other men the instruments of his will without letting them know at what object he aims.

Homology thus opened to human vision a vaster view of the order of the universe. It revealed more of the *mode* of the Divine working. It told us that though man is made in God's image, yet that we must not reduce the Divine Mind to the dimensions of the human. To the intellect of man it is given to know but in part. That knowledge is real so far as it goes, but it does not embrace the Infinite. To do this, in the words of Wieland already quoted, it "will strive for ever." Of the relation of typical forms to the doctrine of final causes, the best illustration we can remember is that of De Candolle. He supposes a splendid banquet. He is to find out or prove that this banquet is not the result of chance, but due to the will of an intelligent being. The dishes are well prepared, and the selection of them implies a reference to the wants of the guests. So far the anatomist and physiologist have led us. But besides this, it is observed that the dishes which constitute this repast are arranged in a certain symmetrical

order, such as pleases the eye, and plainly announces design and volition. If it is found that there are double rows of dishes, some real and some merely imitations which are of no use as to the repast, does it follow therefore that the idea of design must be rejected? De Candolle answers that so far from this he would rather infer that there had been an aim to make a symmetrical arrangement, and consequently the work of intelligence. Symmetry of arrangement is as decided a proof of design as adjustment of mechanism. Beauty and harmony bespeak an author as much as working for an end. Should the doctrine of development ever be proved, theology will have as little to fear and probably as much to gain as it has had from typology and morphology.

There are few things in this world more remarkable than the way in which men—even able and earnest men—persist in misunderstanding each other. Voltaire says that the reason why so few people understand Spinoza is because Spinoza did not understand himself. The Duke of Argyll thinks that Mr. Darwin does not quite understand himself. It is then no marvel that so many people have wrangled about the "Darwinian hypothesis." We read this passage in the "*Reign of Law*" several times over to be convinced that its obvious meaning really was its meaning. The noble author says:—

"Strictly speaking, therefore, Mr. Darwin's theory is not a theory on the origin of species at all, but only a theory on the causes which lead to the relative success or failure of such new forms as may be born into our world. It is the more important to remember this distinction, because it seems to me that Mr. Darwin himself frequently forgets it."

It seems to us that Mr. Darwin does account for the origin of species by "Natural Selection." That is to say, that in the great struggle for life the strong survive, and those that live become what they are according to the conditions on which life is granted to them. It is difficult for us to account for the Duke of Argyll's interpretation of Mr. Darwin. But a far more remarkable misunderstanding is that of a criticism of the "*Reign of Law*" in the *Quarterly Journal of Science*. The article was written by Mr. Wallace, one of our most eminent naturalists. He states what one would think is clear and manifest to all men, that the whole controversy between Mr. Darwin and his opponents is simply "a question *how* the Creator has worked." He then advocates a reign of law as if the Duke of Argyll had accounted for creation by "incessant inter-



ferences" and the "direct action" of the Divine Mind without law. The Duke of Argyll justly answers that the whole scope and aim of his book were quite the contrary. The idea of "incessant interference" he holds to be essentially erroneous, as involving the idea of natural forces being agencies independent of the Creative Mind.

Mr. Wallace explains and defends Mr. Darwin's doctrine, which is, that the Creator has given to the universe self-developing powers. It has laws by which it is self-regulating, and "the forms under which life is manifested have an inherent power of adjustment to each other and to surrounding nature." The complicated parts of an orchis, to take the example given, were not contrived as a mechanic might contrive an ingenious toy or puzzle. They are the results of those general laws which were co-ordinated at the first introduction of life upon the earth. Mr. Wallace's doctrine simply is, that God made a machine, and left it eternally to spin. This was the eighteenth-century idea of the universe, with only this exception, that occasionally the Author interfered to keep it in repair. The Duke of Argyll finds law always present, but only as a servant, never as a master. It is the Creator who works; but He works by means of law. Gibbon supposed that he was refuting Christianity when he assigned the natural causes by which it gained strength in the world. The whole argument was the assumption that God never works by means, that He is absent from the universe, and that natural agencies are really without God in the world.

The Duke of Argyll's doctrine deserves more attention than it has yet received. It is pregnant with more meaning than the distinguished nobleman is probably himself aware of. It is clear and definite, but scarcely new. It is to be found in the sermons of the most thoughtful, we may say philosophical, preacher that ever adorned the Church of Scotland. Dr. Caird says:—

"A human mechanist may leave the machine he has constructed to work, without his further personal superintendence, because when he leaves it, God's laws take it up; and by their aid, the materials of which the machine is made retain their solidity—the steel continues elastic, the vapour keeps its expansive power. But when God has constructed *His* machine of the universe, He cannot so leave it, or any the minutest part of it, in its immensity and intricacy of movement, to itself; for if He retire, there is no second God to take care of this machine. Not from a single atom of matter can He who made it for a moment withdraw His superintendence and support; each successive

moment, all over the world, the act of creation must be repeated."

The Deity must be present, and *with His laws*. There is something to think about here. Is not the omnipresence of God enough without His laws? Or, to put the question in another form, are His laws anything else but the mode of his working? Our great difficulty in approaching this question is to banish from our minds the human conceptions which steal in with the analogies. When we speak of laws, a machine and a machine-maker, and apply these ideas to God and the universe, we often forget that we are using metaphors. A man is distinct from the machine he makes, and the laws to which he commits it are laws external to himself. But the Omnipresent can never be absent from the universe. He must be in some way identical with His laws; His working must in some way be immediate working—even when it is mediate. Were we to say that nature is God, the saying would be false; for it would mean that God is not greater than nature. In another sense it would be true; for the most manifest thing in nature is the presence of God. The Duke of Argyll gives five definitions of "law." The first is that it is "simply an observed order of facts." This appears to us the most accurate of all the definitions of law when applied to the natural world. The other forms are really nothing more than observations in detail of particular parts of this "observed order." A law of nature, then, simply means a certain order given in human experience. We are, then, quit of law in every human sense, and are alone with God only, and the mode of His working. We cease to be troubled about Hume's doctrine, that we know nothing of physical causation but the sequence of phenomena. The efficient cause is God. Here, too, we meet Mr. Huxley, who accepts this definition of law, and freeing himself from every possibility of being charged henceforth with materialism, avows that we know as little of "matter" as we do of "spirit." The plain conclusion is, that the first and most certain existence in the world is the existence of the Divine Mind.

The doctrine of "fiats," or divine "interferences," which were once regarded as the sole evidence of Theism, has disappeared from the pages of the Duke of Argyll, Mr. Huxley, Mr. Martineau, and, indeed, of almost every eminent writer on these subjects whose name we can recall. The continuity of nature's work is supposed to speak more of God than a sudden break.

It is regarded, too, as a matter of fact, that no "breaks" have existed, that nature has kept the even tenor of her way, making no pauses, but by incessant and progressive working has woven the vast web of creation. Yet the doctrine of "interferences," whether true or not, had a meaning in the wants and cravings of the human mind. While the machine of the universe was regarded as a work left to itself, men thirsted after the living God. If He could not be found in the daily upholding of the universe, He must be expected at intervals interfering with the ordinary working. It was on this principle that miracles spoke more of God than the order of nature. Thus, while the universe was regarded as a machine, the existence of miracles was declared impossible by those who denied the "interferences." Now, as the Duke of Argyll remarks, it is admitted on all sides that the question of miracles depends entirely on the evidence. This craving for "interferences," or, what is the same thing, this belief in "interferences," has possessed the human mind in every age, and under many forms. It was perhaps inevitable to those who could not realize the presence of Deity in this world of nature and providence. But religious beliefs cannot always be reduced to logical consistency. Even those who saw the "Great First Cause" in the "secondary causes," were not satisfied unless the Deity worked also without secondary causes. And though the world was governed and their prayers answered mediately, they would have called it Atheism to say that God never works but according to the order of nature. This had its root in that craving for absolute certainty which seems to be an original element in the sentiment of religion. It is really a part of the question of miracles, and must end in the simple inquiry of the amount of certainty which is within the reach of man.

Supposing the doctrine of development were true, it would give a hint towards the settling of another question which has been long agitated among theologians. This regards the mode of the Divine working in revelation. Has there been progression there too, or has revelation come only by "interferences?" And with this opens up a wider question, if it has come by "interferences" at all. In the latter case, if it has not, and we retain the idea of the universe as something apart from God, we fall into simple Deism. If we retain the idea which we have already reached, that the existence and presence of God are more certain than the existence and presence of

the universe, we get a new glimpse of revelation, and with it a light which would dissipate many difficulties. We must, however, take care lest analogies mislead us. There is an *à priori* probability that the Divine working in the education of the human race will correspond to the order of the Divine working in nature. At the same time, there is something in the idea of revelation which suggests speciality. We cannot prosecute this subject further. There is a correspondence of difficulties between development in nature and in revelation. Mr. Darwin finds his new species in nature, but he only guesses at the mode of their introduction. We find higher waves of truth thrown up at different ages of the world, but the fact that they have come is more obvious than how they have come.

If space permitted, we might draw some more lessons from the theory of Development. One which, however, is really independent of the theory though not of the facts on which the theory is built, should not be omitted. If there is anything which Mr. Darwin has certainly proved, it is that qualities acquired by individuals are inherited by their descendants. Habits which are a second nature to those by whom they are first learned, are natural to their children. This seems true of all properties, whether physical, mental, or moral. The dog imparts its fidelity to its progeny. Ducks that have become weak of wing and strong of limb by domestication hatch ducklings with the same properties. What men teach animals they transmit to their descendants. How evident is it in human life that evil descends; and good, too, with many apparent, we dare not say real, exceptions, goes down from father to son. If example be good, it will have its influence; but there is a proverbial saying, verified by Mr. Darwin's philosophy, that good or evil runs in the blood.

There is yet another question which concerns the whole relation of natural knowledge to religious faith. This is independent of Mr. Darwin's theory being true or false. It belongs to the higher generalization which includes all special inquiries. It is not properly the question of science and Christianity, but rather if science is in any way to determine, or even influence, our views of Christianity. The student of Nature has rightly claimed that he shall be free to follow whatever truth his method reveals. We are not disposed to complain of Mr. Huxley devoting himself exclusively to one field, nor even of the disciple of Comte for saying that we know phenomena, and nothing but phenomena. It is true in

an obvious sense that there is a kind of knowledge acquired here which is not available elsewhere. What we complain of is the implication sometimes made that this method reveals all that is really knowable by man. Lord Bacon made a compromise between science and religion, relegating the one to the province of knowledge, and the other to that of faith, forbidding them to meet or to influence each other. The same separation was made by the late Baden Powell, and the result which he everywhere offers is that in science we have real knowledge, that here we proceed on rational principles, but in religion we have to depend on some vague thing called "faith." We have no reason to doubt the religious sincerity either of Lord Bacon or of Baden Powell; yet they were subjected to the charge of irreligion — unjustly, indeed, yet not unreasonably. If our faith in Christianity is not founded on some principles of reason, it is a thing of too little value to be worth contending for. When Baden Powell relegates us to "faith" for our grounds of religious conviction, "we certainly feel," Mr. Martineau says, "that the door is rather rudely slammed in the face of the inquiry, and that we are turned out of the select society of philosophers who know, to take our place with the plebs who believe." It is not to be denied that there is a true distinction between faith and knowledge. It has been made familiar in the words of Tennyson: —

"We have but faith, we do not know,  
For knowledge is of things we see."

Yet this faith is mainly founded on knowledge: it is strengthened and regulated by what we know; and knowledge, even natural knowledge, is itself founded on "faith" — it has to assume postulates. A man cannot believe contrary to what he knows. Between science and religion there may be a

border-land, unreclaimed, but not irreclaimable: a final or absolute separation is impossible. Whatever Christianity may be in itself, it must present itself differently to different minds, countries, or ages of the world, and the highest evidence of its divine origin will be that as ages advance in knowledge and things now secret become revealed, it will still be acknowledged divine.

Frohschammer is one of the three Munich professors who have distinguished themselves by their opposition to the proceedings of the Council now sitting at Rome. The other two are Döllinger and Hubert. His book treats of the whole question of science and Christianity, but the greater part of it concerns Mr. Darwin's doctrine. This, indeed, is viewed as only a hypothesis; but the facts on which it rests are regarded as of as much theological significance as if the hypothesis itself were established. It is admitted that science and the Bible are not in harmony on such questions as creation, the origin of man, and the relation of man to the lower animals. It is maintained that the Bible must be interpreted by what science teaches; and if so with the Bible, much more with the dogmatic teaching of the Church? Christianity is considered as subject to laws of development like to those which we see in the natural world. The spirit of it remains, but the form is ever changing. It is not remarkable that some of Frohschammer's books have been put into the "Index." His interpretation of what are usually reckoned the chief doctrines of Christianity would not be tolerated in any sect in England. If he is an ordinary specimen of the Roman Catholic Broad Churchman it was quite time that the Pope assembled his "Œcumenical." The modern science and civilization which Dr. Manning denounces as the children of darkness and the devil, are the day-spring from on high to the Catholic Professor of Munich.

#### A COUNTRY FUNERAL.

BY THE REV. F. BARHAM, BETTER KNOWN AS  
THE AUTHOR OF "THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS."

Yet surely, when the level ray  
Of some mild eve's descending sun  
Lights on the village pastor, gray  
In years ere ours had well begun —  
As there — in simplest vestment clad,  
He speaks, beneath the churchyard tree,  
In solemn tones — but yet not sad —  
Of what Man is — what Man shall be!

And clustering round the grave half hid

By that same quiet churchyard yew,  
The rustic mourners bend, to bid

The dust they loved a last adieu —  
That ray, methinks, that rests to sheen  
Upon each briar-bound hillock green,  
So calm, so tranquil, so serene,

Gives to the eye a fairer scene —  
Speaks to the heart with holier breath  
Than all the pageantry of death.

## PART VIII.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

THE first great apparent change in a life is not always its real beginning. It may be but the beginning of the beginning, as it were, the first grand crash of the ice, the opening of the fountain. There is more noise and more demonstration than when the full tide of waters begins to swell into the broader channel, but it is not the great crisis which it has the look of being. It is the commencement of a process of which it is impossible to predict the end. This had been emphatically the case with John Mitford when he was suddenly swept out of his father's house and out of all the traditions of his youth. It seemed to him and to everybody that his life had then taken its individual shape. The chasm between the present and the past was as great as if a vast St. Lawrence rolled between the two edges of circumstance, separating them more and more widely as it rose in force and fulness. But the fact was that this great convulsion was no decisive throes of nature at all, but the first impulse of life arbitrarily shaped, the beginning of individual action which might yet go to one side or other, nobody could predict which. He did not know it himself, any more than did any one of the spectators. In short, he was more certain than any one that his old life had passed away, and that all things had become new. He went about Fanshawe Regis with new eyes, curiously observing everything which before he had accepted without observation. Was it that he felt the new better? Was it that he hankered after the old? These were questions which he could not answer. The only thing he was quite sure of in respect to himself was that he was uncertain about everything, and that life was no longer sweet enough to make up for the darkness and troubles in it. With this feeling in his mind he listened to his father's sermons, seeing everything in a different light, and went with his mother on her parish work, carrying her basket, gazing wistfully in at the cottage windows, wondering what was the good of it all. He had never questioned for a moment the good of at least his mother's ministrations until now. When she came smiling out of one of the cottages it cast a gloom upon her to find her boy, who had always been full of faith in her at least, standing unresponsive, waiting for her outside. She looked him in the eyes with her tender smile, and said, "Well, John?" as she gave back the little basket into his hand.

"Well," he said, with a sigh, "my good

little mother, do you think it is worth all the trouble you are taking, and all the trouble you have taken since ever I remember? — that is what I want to know."

"Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Mitford, "that and a great deal more. Oh, John, if I could feel that but one, only one, was brought back to God by my means!"

"I think they are all very much the same as they used to be," said John. "I recollect when I was a small boy there was always something to be set right *there*."

"That was the father, my dear," said Mrs. Mitford. "He was very troublesome. He took more than was good for him, you know; and then he used to be very unkind to his poor wife. Ah, John, some of these poor women have a great deal to bear!"

"But the blackguard is dead now, heaven be praised!" said John.

"Oh, hush, my dear, hush, and don't speak of an immortal soul like that! Yes indeed, John, he has gone where he will be judged with clearer sight than ours. But I wish I could hope things were really mended," said Mrs. Mitford, shaking her head. She went on shaking her head for a whole minute after she had stopped speaking, as if her hope was a very slight one indeed.

"What is the matter now?"

"The boys are very tiresome, my dear," said Mrs. Mitford, with a sigh. "Somehow it seems natural to them to take to bad ways. You can't think how idle and lazy Jim is, though he used to be such a good boy when he was in the choir, don't you remember? He looked a perfect little angel in his white surplice, but I fear he has been a very bad boy; and Willie and his mother never do get on together. He is the only one that can be depended upon in the least, and he talks of marrying and going away."

"You have not much satisfaction out of them," said John, "though I know you have always kept on doing all sorts of things for them. They ought at least to be grateful to you."

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Mitford, with anxious gravity, "I don't like to blame her — but I am afraid sometimes their mother is not very judicious, poor woman. It sours one sadly to have so much misfortune. She is always contradicting and crossing them for things that don't matter. I don't like to blame her, she has had so much to put up with; but still, you know — and of course it is discouraging, whatever one may try to say."

"And then there are the Littles," said John, leading his mother on.

"Oh, the Littles, dear! I wish you would not speak of them. Every month or so I

think I have just got their mind up to the point of going to church. If you but knew the number of bonnets that woman has had, and shoes for the children, and even your papa's last old greatcoat which I got the tailor to alter for Robert. But it is never any good. And though I pay myself for the children's schooling they never go. It is enough to break one's heart."

"And Lizzie's people are always a trouble to you," said John.

"Ah, my dear, but then the old woman is a Dissenter," said Mrs. Mitford, with alacrity; "and in such a case what can one do?"

"But, mother dear, with all these things before you, does it sometimes strike you what a hopeless business it is?" cried John. "You have been working in the parish for twenty years——"

"Twenty-five my dear boy — since before you were born."

"And what is it the better?" said John; "the same evils reappear just in the same way — the same wickedness, and profanity, and indifference. For all the change one can see, mother dear, all your work and fatigue might never have been."

"I must say so far as that goes I don't agree with you at all, John," cried his mother, with a certain sharp ring in her voice. The colour came to her cheeks and the water to her eyes. If it had been said to her that her life itself had been a mistake and failure, she could not have felt it more. Indeed the one implied the other; and if there was any one thing that she had built upon in all her modest existence, it was the difference in the parish. John's words gave her such a shock that she gasped after them with a sense of partial suffocation. And then she did her best to restrain the momentary sharp thrill of resentment; for how could she be angry with her boy? "My dear," she said, humbly, with the tears in her soft eyes, "I don't suppose I have done half or quarter what I ought to have done; but still if you had seen the parish when we came—— If I had been a woman of more energy, and cleverer than I am——"

"You cannot think it was that I meant," cried John. "How you mistake me, mother! It is because your work has been so perfect, so unwearied — because it ought to have wrought miracles——"

"Oh, no, no, not that," she said, recovering her tranquillity, and smiling on her boy. "It has been very humble, my dear; but still, if you had seen the parish when we came — the alehouse was more frequented than the church a great deal — the children were not baptized — there were things go-

ing on I could not speak of even to you. That very Robert Little that we were speaking of — his father was the most inveterate poacher in the whole country, always in prison or in trouble; the eldest brother went for a soldier, and one of the girls—— Oh, John, Fanshawe Regis is not Paradise, but things are better now."

"My dear little mother, but they are not as good as they ought to be after the work of all your life."

"Don't speak of me, my dear boy, as if I were everything," said Mrs. Mitford; "think of your papa, and oh, John, think of what is far beyond any of us. Think whose life it was that was given, not for the righteous, but to call sinners; think who it was that said there was joy in heaven over one that repented; and should we grudge a whole lifetime if we could but be sure that one was saved? I hope that is what I shall never, never do."

John drew his mother's hand through his arm as she looked up in his face, with her soft features all quivering with emotion. What more could he say? She was not clever, never very able to take a philosophical view of the matter. She never stopped to ask herself, as he did, whether this faulty, shifty, mean, unprofitable world was worth the expenditure of that divine life eighteen hundred years ago, and of the many lives since which have been half divine. All that; — and nothing better come of it than the vice, and the hypocrisy, and mercenary pretences at goodness, and brutal indifference to everything pure and true, which were to be found in this very village, in the depth of the rural country, in England that has been called Christian for all these hundreds of years. So much — and so little to result from it. Such were the thoughts that passed through John's mind, mingled with many another gloomy fancy. Adding up long lines of figures was scarcely more unprofitable — could scarcely be of less use to the world. When he thought of his father's precise little sermons, a certain stir of possibility might struggle through: for Dr. Mitford spoke as a member of the Archaeological Society might be supposed to speak, being compelled to do so, to a handful of bumpkins who could not, as he was well aware, understand a word he said, and was content with having thus performed the "duty" incumbent on him. *That* might be mended so far as it went; but who could mend the self-devotion, the unconscious gospel of a life which his mother set before the eyes of the village? They knew that her charity never failed, nor her interest in them, nor the tender service which she was



ready to give to the poorest, or even to the wickedest. Twenty-five years this woman, who was as pure as the angels, had been their servant, at their call night and day. Heaven and earth could not produce a more perfect ministration, her son said to himself, as he watched her coming and going; and yet what did it all come to? Had Mrs. Mitford seen the thoughts that were going on in his mind, she would have shrunk from him with a certain horror. They were hard thoughts both of God and man. What was the good of it? Nobody, it appeared to John, was the better. If Fanshawe Regis, for one place, had been left to itself, would it have made any difference? Such thoughts are hard to bear, when a man has been trained into the habit of thinking that much, almost anything, can be done for his neighbours if he will but sufficiently exert himself. Here was a tender good woman who had exerted herself all her life—and what was the end of it? Meanwhile Mrs. Mitford walked on cheerfully, holding her son's arm, with a little glow of devotion about her heart, thinking, what did it matter how much labour was spent on the work if but the one stray lamb was brought back to the fold? and pondering in the same breath a new argument by which Robert Little, in the Doctor's greatcoat, and his wife in one of her own bonnets, could be got to come to church, and induced to send their children to school.

Sometimes, however, John's strange holiday, which nobody could quite understand, was disturbed by immediate questions still more difficult. Mrs. Mitford did not say much, having discovered in her son's eye at the moment of his return that all was not well with him; but she looked wistfully at him from time to time, and surprised him in the midst of his frequent reveries with sudden glances of anxious inquiry which spoke more distinctly than words. She did not mention Kate, which was more significant than if she had spoken volumes; and when the letters came in, in the morning, she would turn her head away not to see whether her son expected anything, or if he was disappointed. A mixture of love and pride was in her self-restraint. He should not be forced to confide in her, she had resolved; she would exercise the last and hardest of all maternal duties towards him, and leave him to himself. But Dr. Mitford had no such idea. He was busy at the moment with something for the "Gentleman's Magazine," which kept him in his study for the first few days after John's arrival; but as soon as his article was off his mind, he began to talk to his son of his prospects, as

was natural. This happened in the library, where John was sitting exactly as he had been sitting that first morning when Kate peeped in at the door and all the world was changed. I cannot tell whether the young man remembered that; but he was seated in almost the same attitude pretending to read, and in reality pondering over his condition and prospects, and what he was to do. Dr. Mitford was seated at the other end of the room, as he had been that day. A ray of October sunshine shone in through one light of the great Elizabethan window and fell in a long line upon the polished oak floor, on the library carpet, on Dr. Mitford's white head, and as far as the wall on the other side of him—a great broad arrow of light, with some colour in it from the shield in the centre of the glass. Behind this was the glimmer of a fire, and John, lifting his weary eyes from his book, or his eyes from his weary book, he could scarcely have told which, became suddenly aware of the absolute identity of the outside circumstances, and held his breath and asked himself, had he dreamed it, or had that interruption ever been? Was the door going to open and Kate to peep in breathless, shy, daring, full of fun and temerity? or had she done it, and turned the world upside down? When he was asking himself this question Dr. Mitford laid down his pen; then he coughed his little habitual cough, which was the well-understood sign between him and his domestic world that he might be spoken to; then he was fretted by the sunshine, and got up and drew the blind down; and then, having quite finished his article, and feeling himself in a mood for a little talk, he took a walk towards his son between the pillars that narrowed the library in the middle, and looked like a great doorway. He did not go straight to John, but paused on the way to remark upon some empty corners, and to set right some books which had dropped out of their exact places.

"I wish the doctor would return my Early English books," he said, approaching his son; "one ought to make a resolution against lending. You might give me a day, John, just to look up what books are missing, and who has them. I think you know them better than I do. But, by the by, you have not told us how long you can stay."

"I don't think it matters much," said John.

"You don't think it matters much! but that looks as if you were not taking any great trouble to make yourself missed. I don't like that," said Dr. Mitford, shaking his head: "depend upon it, my boy, you



will never secure proper appreciation until you show the people you are among that another cannot fill your place."

"But the fact is that a dozen others could fill my place, sir," said John, "quite as well as—very probably much better than I."

"What! with Mr. Crediton? and his daughter?" said Dr. Mitford. He thought he had made a joke, and turned away with a mild little laugh to arrange and caress his folios in the recess behind his son. Then he went on talking with his back to John—"I should be glad to know what you really think of it now that you have had time to make the experiment. I don't understand the commercial mind myself. I don't know that I could be brought to understand it; but the opinion of an intelligence capable of judging, and accustomed to trains of thought so different, could not but be interesting. I should like to hear what you think of it frankly. Somebody has made dog's ears in this Shakespeare, which is unpardonable," said the doctor, passing his hand with sudden indignation over the folded edges. "I should like to know what your opinion is."

"I think I can get it straight, sir," said John, "if you will trust the book to me."

"Thanks—and put a label on it. 'Not to be lent,'" said Dr. Mitford. "It is not to be expected, you know, that the most good-natured of men should lend one of the earliest editions. What were we talking of? oh, the bank. What is your real opinion about it, my boy?"

"I think I am ceasing to have opinions about anything," said John.

"Well, well, we need not argue about the word. Let us say impressions. I hope you are quite satisfied that you can do your duty as well or better in that way than in the manner we had intended for you. Nothing but that thought would have induced me to yield. It was a disappointment, John," said his father, turning round with a tall volume in his hand—"I cannot deny that it was a great disappointment; but you think you are able to do your duty better where you are?"

"What is my duty, father?" said John, with a hoarseness in his voice.

And then it was Dr. Mitford's turn to show consternation. "Your duty," he faltered—"your duty? It does not say much for my teaching and your mother's if you have to ask that question at this time of day."

This, it will be easy to see, was a very unsatisfactory sort of answer. John got up too, feeling very heavy about the heart.

"Relative duty is easy enough," he said; "but absolute duty, what is it? is there such a thing? Is it not just as good both for myself and other people that I should live for myself as I am doing, instead of living for God and my neighbour like my mother? So far as I can see, it comes to exactly the same thing."

Dr. Mitford looked at his son with an absolute astonishment that would have been comical had John been able to see it. But then it was not so much his son's perplexity the doctor thought of as that curious, quite inexplicable reference. "Like your mother!" the Rector of Fanshawe Regis said, with utter amazement. It took away his breath. He could not even notice his son's question in his consternation. "Yes," said John, not in the least perceiving the point, "what is the good? That is what one asks one's self; it does not make any difference to the world."

Dr. Mitford turned, and put up the dog's-eared folio on its shelf. He shook his head in his bewilderment, and gave a sigh of impatience. "You young men have a way of talking and of thinking which I don't understand," he said, still shaking his head. "I hope to goodness, John, that you have not been led astray by those ridiculous fallacies of Comtism. You may suppose that as you are not to be a clergyman it does not matter what your opinions are; but it always matters. A private Christian has as much need to be right as if he were an archbishop; and I confess, after your careful training, I little expected—a mere farrago of French sentiment and nonsense. Your mother! what she has to do with the question I can't understand."

"And I am sure neither do I, sir," said John, moved to a laugh, "nor why you should set me down as a Comtist. I am not an anythingist, worse luck—for then, perhaps, one might see a little more plainly what to do."

"If a young man with the best education England can give, and friends to consult, who, I flatter myself, are not idiots, cannot see what to do, it does not say much for his sense," said Dr. Mitford, with some indignation. "I suppose by all this I am to understand that you are tired of the office drudgery and beginning to repent—"

"I don't know that I have anything to repent of," said John, who under this questioning began to get rebellious, as sons are wont to do.

"I advise you to make up your mind," said Dr. Mitford, not without a half-tone of contempt. "I never thought you were adapted for business. If experience has

shown you this, it is best to take steps at once. You might not like, perhaps, to return to your original destination —”

“Father, this discussion is quite unnecessary,” said John, growing red. “I am not tired of office drudgery. No trade, I suppose, is very delightful just at first; and when one begins to think for one’s self there are many questions that arise in one’s mind. Yes, mother, I am quite ready. I have been waiting for you this half-hour.”

“But not if your papa wants you, my dear,” said Mrs. Mitford, in her white shawl, standing smiling upon them at the door.

“I shall look after the Shakespeare when I come in,” said John. That was exactly where Kate had stood peeping — Kate, who, when she was old, would be just such another woman. Would she grow so by his side? Could it ever be that she would come, in all the soft confidence of proprietorship, and look in upon him as his mother did? All at once it flashed upon him that such a thing might have been in this very place, in this very way, had he kept his traditional place. He might have been the Rector, putting up his folios, and she the Lady Bountiful of the parish, as his mother was. This flashed across his mind at the very moment when he was asking what use it was, and feeling that a life spent in doing good was as much thrown away as a life spent in making money. Strange inconsistency! And then he went and took the basket, with its little vials of wine and carefully packed dainties, out of his mother’s hand.

Dr. Mitford watched them going away with feelings more new and strange than he recollected to have experienced for years. He watched till the door was closed, and then he turned abruptly to his books, and gave himself up to a rummage among them for a minute, but turned again and walked impatiently to the window, and saw his wife’s white shawl disappear from the garden gate, with her tall boy by her side shadowing over her in the October sunshine. “His mother!” Dr. Mitford said to himself, with a certain sort of wonder and offence — and then went back to his writing-table, and wrote a note to accompany his article to *Sylvanus Urban*, who was a more comprehensible personage on the whole than either wife or son.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

JOHN remained rather more than a fortnight at home. His arm healed and his health improved during this interval of quiet. But he did not relieve his mind by any disclosure of his feelings. Indeed,

what was there to disclose? He asked himself the question ten times in a day. He had come to no breach with Kate, he had not quarrelled with her father; he had, on the contrary, increased his claims upon Mr. Crediton by actual service; and the something which had sprung up between Kate and himself was like a wall of glass or of transparent ice, changing nothing to outward appearance. He spent his time in an uneasy languor, sometimes roused to positive suffering, but more generally in mere discomfort, vague as his thoughts were, as his prospects were, as all the world was to him. It seemed even a thing of the past that his feelings should be very vehement about that or any other subject. He had gone through a great deal of active pain, but now it seemed all to be passive, and he only a kind of spectator. A host of questions had widened out like circles in the water round the central question. What was life worth? was it any great matter how it was spent? The banker among his manifold concerns, or Mr. Whichelo among the clerks, or the Rector of Fanshawe Regis in his library — did it matter to any mortal creature which was which? The one was laying up money which a great fire or a scoundrel at the other end of the world might make an end of in a moment; the other was laughed at behind his back, and outwitted by the young men whom he thought he had so well in hand; and the third — what was the parish the better for Dr. Mitford? And yet John had to face the matter steadily, as if it were of the greatest importance, and decide which of these pretences at existence he would adopt. He got no letter during this curious interval. The outer world kept silence and did not interfere with his ponderings. Heaven and earth, and even Kate and his mother, left him to take his own way.

It was not until the last morning of his stay that Mrs. Mitford said anything to John on the subject. She had gone down to breakfast a little earlier than usual, perhaps, with a little innocent stealthy intention of looking at the letters, and making sure what there was for her boy; and there was one little letter lying by John’s plate which made his mother’s heart beat quicker. Yes; at last it was evident Kate had written to him; and if there had been any quarrel or misunderstanding, here surely must be the end of it. She watched for his appearance with speechless anxiety; and of course he was late that morning, as was to be expected. And it was very easy to see by his indifferent air that he was not

looking for any letter. When he perceived it he gave a little start, and his mother pretended to be very much occupied with the coffee. He read it twice over from beginning to end, which was not a long process, for it only occupied one page of a small sheet of note-paper; and then he put it into his pocket and began to eat his breakfast and talk just as usual. Mrs. Mitford, anxious and wondering, was brought to her wits' end.

"You had better order the phaeton, John," said Dr. Mitford, "if you are going by the twelve train."

"I need not go till evening," said John; "and my mother means to walk there with me; don't you, mamma?"

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Mitford, smiling upon him. She had been looking forward to this heart-rending pleasure, and thinking that then he would perhaps tell her something, if indeed there was anything to tell.

"Then let the phaeton take your port-manteau and bring your mother home," said the Doctor, "if you insist on taking her such a long walk. For my part I can never see the good of such expeditions. It is much better to say good-bye at home."

"But I like the walk," said Mrs. Mitford, eagerly; and the Doctor, who did not quite approve of the pair and their doings, shook his head, and gathered up his papers (he had no less than two proof-sheets to correct, and a *revise*, for he was very particular), and went off to his work. "You will find me in the library whenever I am wanted," he said, as he withdrew. He thought his wife was spoiling her son, as she had spoiled him when he was ten years old, and he did not approve of it; but when a woman is so foolish, what can the most sensible of men and fathers do?

And then the mother and son were left alone, with that letter in John's pocket which might explain so much of the mystery. But he did not say a word about it, nor about Kate, nor anything that concerned his happiness; and when Mrs. Mitford talked of his new shirts and stockings (which was the only other subject she found herself capable of entering upon), he talked of them too, and agreed in her remarks about the negligence of washerwomen, and all the difficulty of keeping linen a good colour in a town. "As for your socks, my poor boy, I never saw such mending," she said, almost with the tears in her eyes. "I must take it all out and darn it over again as it ought to be. When darning is nicely done, I never think the

stocking looks a bit the worse; but how any woman could drag the two edges together like some of these, I can't understand."

"It is always hard work dragging edges together," said John, getting up from the table. "I think I'll go and say good-bye to old Mrs. Fanshawe, mother. It is too long a walk for you."

"I could not go there and to the station too," said Mrs. Mitford, "and I ought not to neglect the schools because I am so happy as to have my own boy. Yes, dear; go and see the old people: you must keep up the old ties for our sakes, even though they are to be broken off so far as the Rectory goes;" and she smiled at him and gave a little nod of her head, dismissing him by way of concealing that she wanted to cry. She did cry as soon as he was gone, and had scarcely time to dry her eyes when Jervis came in to clear the table. Mrs. Mitford snubbed him on the spot, with a vehemence which took that personage quite by surprise. "I observe that Mr. John's things have not been laid out for him properly, as they ought to have been," she said, suddenly, snapping his nose off, as Jervis said. "I trust I shall find everything properly brushed and folded to-day. It is a piece of negligence, Jervis, which I don't at all understand." "And Missis give her head a toss, and walks off as if she was the queen," said the amazed man-of-all-work when he got to the kitchen, and was free to unburden himself. After this Mrs. Mitford had another cry in her own room, and put on her bonnet and went across to the schools, wondering through all the lessons and all the weary chatter of the children, — Oh, what was the matter with her boy? oh, was he unhappy? had they quarrelled? must not his mother know?

Meanwhile John strode across the country to Fanshawe to bid the old squire and his old wife good-bye. He went, as the crow flies, over the stubble, and by the hedge-sides, never pausing to draw breath. Not because he was excited by his departure, or by the letter in his pocket, or by any actual incident. On the contrary, he was quite still, like the day, which was a grey autumn morning, with wistful scraps of blue on the horizon, and a brooding, pondering quiet in the air. All is over for this year, nature was saying to herself. Shall there be another year? shall old earth begin again, take in the new seeds, keep the spring germs alive for another blossoming? or shall all come to a conclusion at last, and the new heavens and the new earth come down out

of those rolling clouds and fathomless shrill breaks of blue? John was in much the same mood. Kate's little note in his pocket had a kind of promise in it of the new earth and the new heaven. But was it a solid, real promise, or only a dissolving view, that would vanish as he approached it? and might not an end be better, and no more delusive hopes? Mrs. Fanshawe was very kind when he got to the hall. She told him of poor Cecily, just nineteen (Kate's age), who was dying at Nice, and cried a little, and smiled, and said, "Oh, my dear boy, it don't matter for us; we can't be long of going after her." But though she was reconciled to that, she made a little outcry over John's leave-taking. "Going so soon! and what will your poor mother say?" cried the old lady. "I am afraid you think more of one smile from Miss Crediton than of all your old friends: and I suppose it is natural," she added, as she shook hands with him. Did he care more for Kate's smile than for anything else? He walked home again in the same dead sort of way, without being able to answer even such a question. He did not care for anything, he thought, except, now that he was at Fanshawe, to get away; and probably when he got to Camelford his desire would be to get back again, or to Fernwood, or to anywhere, except just the place where he happened to be.

It was evening when he set out to go to the station, with his mother leaning on his arm. The evening comes early in October, and it was necessary that she should get back to dinner at seven. Twilight was coming on as they walked together along the dewy road, where the hedgerows were all humid and chill with the dew, which some of these nights would grow white upon the leaves before any one knew, and make winter out of autumn. A sort of premonition of the first frost was in the air; and the hawthorns were very rusty and shabby in their foliage, but picked out here and there by red flaming bramble-leaves, which warmed up the hedgerows notwithstanding the damp. The mother and son walked slowly, to spin out the time as long as might be. To be sure they might, as Dr. Mitford said, have just as well talked in-doors; but then the good Doctor knew nothing about that charm of isolation and unity — the silent world all round about, the soft, harmonious motion, the tender contact and support. They could speak so low to each other without any fear of not being heard. They could look at each other if they would, yet were not compelled to any meeting of the eyes. There is no position in which it

is so difficult to disagree, so natural to confide and trust. Mrs. Mitford's very touch upon her son's arm was in itself a caress. My dear, dear boy, her eyes said as she looked at him. She had carried him in those soft arms, and now it was her turn to lean upon him. This thought was always in her mind when she leant upon John's arm.

"I should not wonder," she said, cunningly, leading up to her subject with innocent pretences of general conversation, "if we had frost to-night."

"The air is very still, and very cold; it is quite likely," said John, assenting, without much caring what he said.

"And actually winter is coming! after this wonderful summer we have had. What a summer it has been! I don't remember such a long stretch of bright weather since the year you went first to school. I was so glad of the first frost that year, thinking of Christmas. You will come home for Christmas, John?" said Mrs. Mitford, suddenly, with a tighter clasp of his arm.

"I cannot tell, mother. I don't seem to realise Christmas," said John.

"Well, dear, I won't press you for any promise; but you know it will be a very poor Christmas without my boy. Life itself feels poor without my boy. There! I did not mean to have said it; but I am a foolish woman, and it is quite true."

"Life is so poor in any case. I don't know how it can matter one way or another," said John, with a shrug of his shoulders. He was not touched so much as impatient; and unconsciously he quickened his pace and drew her on with him, faster than it was easy for her to go.

"We are in plenty of time for the train," Mrs. Mitford said; "not so quick, if you please, my dear. Oh, John, it is so strange to hear you say that life is poor! Have you nothing to tell me, my own boy? I have never asked a question, though you may think my heart has been sore enough sometimes. What is the matter? won't you tell me now?"

"There is nothing to tell — nothing is the matter," said John.

"But you are not happy, my dear boy. Do you think your mother could help seeing that? Oh, John, what is it? Is it her father? Do you feel the change? It must be something about Kate?"

"It is nothing at all, mother," said John, with hasty impatience; and then it suddenly occurred to him that he was going away into utter solitude, and that here was the only being in the world to whom he could even partially open his heart. She felt the change of his voice, though she had no clue to the

fitfulness of his thoughts. "It is quite true," he continued, "there is nothing to tell; and yet all is not well, mother. I can't tell you how or why. I am jangled somehow out of tune—that is all; there is nobody to blame."

"I could see that, my dear," she said, looking wistfully at him; "but is that all you have to say to your mother, John?"

"There is nothing more to say," he repeated. "I cannot tell you, I can't tell myself what is the matter. There is nothing the matter. It is a false position somehow, I suppose—that is all."

"In the bank, John?"

"In bank, and in the house, and in the world, mother," he cried, with sudden vehemence. "I don't seem able to take root anywhere; everything looks false and forced and miserable. I can neither go on nor go back, and I stagnate standing still. Never mind; I suppose it is just an experience like any other, and will have to be borne."

Then there passed through Mrs. Mitford's mind as quick as lightning that passage about those who put their hand to the plough and draw back. But she restrained herself. "I suppose it is just the great change, my dear," she said, faltering, yet soothing him, "and all that you have given up—for you have given up a great deal, John: I suppose your time is not your own now, and you can't do what you like? And sitting at a desk—you who used to be free to read, or to walk, or to go on the river, or to help your papa, or see your friends—it must make a great difference, John."

"Yes, I suppose that is what it is," he said, feeling that he had successfully eluded the subject, and yet celebrating his success with a sigh.

"But I hope it is made up to you in another way," Mrs. Mitford said, suddenly, looking up into his face. He thought he had got off, but she did not mean to let him off. She was a simple little woman, but yet not so simple but what she could employ a legitimate artifice, like the rest of her kind. "You had a letter from Kate this morning, dear. I saw her little handwriting. I suppose she makes up for everything, John?"

They were drawing near the station, and she spoke fast, partly from that reason, partly to make her attack the more potent, and to leave him no time to think. But he answered her a great deal more readily than she had expected.

"Is it fair upon a girl to expect her to make up for all that?" he asked. "Mother, I ask myself sometimes, if she gave up her

own life for me as I have done for her—no, not altogether for her—could I make it up to her? Is it fair or just to expect it? Life means a great deal, after all—more than just what you call happiness. You will think I am very hard-hearted; but, do you know, it almost appears to me sometimes as if a man could get on better without happiness, if he had plenty of work to do, than he could without the work, with only the happiness to comfort him. Is it blasphemy, mother? Even if it is, you will not be too hard upon me."

Mrs. Mitford paused a little to think over her answer; and perhaps anybody who takes an interest in her will be shocked to hear that she was rather—glad—half-glad—with a kind of relief at her heart. "John," she said, "I don't know what to say. I am—sorry—you have found it out, my dear. Oh, I am very sorry you have found it out—for it is hard; but, do you know, I fear it is true."

"I wonder how my mother found it out," he said, looking down upon her with that strange surprise which moves a child when it suddenly suspects some unthought-of conflict in the settled immovable life which it has been familiar with all its days, and accepted as an eternal reality. He had propounded his theory as the very worst and very saddest discovery in existence, and lo! she had accepted it as a truism. It bewildered John so that he could not add another word.

"One finds everything out if one lives long enough," she said, hastily, with a nervous smile. "And, my dear, this is what I always thought—this is why I always disapproved of this bank scheme. You were hurried into it without time to think. And now that you find it does not answer, oh, my boy, what is to be done? You should not lose any time, John. You should come to an understanding with Mr. Crediton and Kate——"

Heavy as his heart was, John could not but smile. "You go so fast, mother dear, that you take away my breath."

"So fast! what can be too fast, when you are unhappy. Oh, John, come back! Believe me, my own boy, the only comfort is doing God's work; everything else is unsatisfactory. Oh, my dear, come home! If I but saw you taking to the parish work, and coming back to your own life, I should care for nothing more—nothing more in this world."

"Softly, softly," said John. "My dear mother, I was not thinking of the parish work—far, very far from it. I cannot tell you what I was thinking of. I may find



what I want in the bank after all. Here is the train, and James waiting for you with the phaeton. Let me put you in before I go away."

"But oh, John, if it cannot be for the present—if you cannot come back all at once—now that your mind is unsettled, dear, oh think it carefully over this time, and consider what I say."

"*This time*," John said to himself, when he had bidden his mother good-bye and had thrown himself into a corner of the railway carriage with his face towards Camelford—"think it carefully over *this time*." The words filled him with strange shame. He had made one disruption in his life, it was evident, without sufficient care or thought. Was he one of the wretched vacillators so contemptible to a young man, who are always changing, and yet never come to any settled determination? His cheeks flushed crimson, though he was all alone, as the thought came into his mind. No; this time he must make no hasty change; this time, at least, no false position must be consented to. He must put Kate out of his mind, and every vain hope and yearning after what people call happiness. Happiness! most people managed to do without it; even—could it be possible?—his mother managed to do without it; for happiness, after all, is not life. *This time* there must be no mistake on that head.

It was night when he reached his lodging; and his mind was as doubtful and his thoughts as confused and uncertain as when he had left it. He went into his dreary little parlour, and had his lamp lighted, and sat down in the silence. He had come back again just as he went away. The decision which he had to make seemed to have been waiting for him here—waiting all these days—and faced him the moment he returned. What was he going to do? He sat down and listened to the clock ticking, and to now and then an unfrequent step passing outside, or the voice of his landlady talking in the little underground kitchen. His portmanteau, which he had brought in with him, was on the floor just by the door. The thought came upon him in his unrest to seize it again in his hand, and rush out and jump into the first cab, and go back to Fernwood; not that he expected any comfort at Fernwood, but only that it was the only other change possible to him. If he arrived there late at night, when nobody expected him, and went in suddenly without any warning, what should he see? The impulse to make the experiment was so strong upon him that he actually got up from his seat to obey it, but then came to himself,

and sat down again, and took out Kate's little letter. It was very short, and there was nothing in it to excite any man. This was all that Kate said:—

"DEAREST JOHN,—Why don't you write to me? You used to write almost every day, and now here is a full fortnight, and I have not heard from you. I think it so strange. I hope you are not ill, nor anybody belonging to you. It makes me very anxious. Do write.—Ever your affectionate  
"KATE."

That was all. There was nothing in it to open any fresh fountain in his breast. He folded it up carefully and slowly into its envelope, and put it back into his pocket. Write to her! why should he write? It was not as if he wanted to upbraid her, or to point out any enormity she had done. She had not done anything; and what could he say? The future was so misty before him, and his own heart so languid, that her appeal made no impression on him. Why should he do it? But he stopped again just before he put the letter in his pocket, and gave another glance at his portmanteau. Should he go, and carry his answer, and judge once again what was the best for her and for himself? He gave up that fancy when the clock struck eight slowly in his ears. It was too late to go to Fernwood that night; and yet there were hours and hours to pass before he could throw himself on his bed with any chance of sleeping; and he had no business to occupy him, or work to do—and how was this long, slow, silent night to be hastened on its tardy wing? John rose at last, with a kind of desperation, and went out. He had nowhere to go, having sought no acquaintances in Camelford. There was nobody in the place that he cared to see, or indeed would not have gone out of his way to avoid; but the streets were all lit up, and some of them were noisy enough. John wandered through them in the lamp-light with strange thoughts. He seemed to himself like a man who had lost his way in the world. He was like Dante when he stood in the midst of his life and found that he had missed the true path. To go on seemed impossible; and when he would have turned back, how many wild beasts were in the way to withstand him! Was there anybody, he wondered, who could lead him back that long, long round-about way through Hell and Purgatory and Heaven? With such a question in his mind, he wandered into places such as he had never entered before; he watched the people in the streets, and went after them to their haunts. A strange phantasmagoria seemed to pass before his eyes, of dancers



and singers, and stupid crowds gaping and looking on, amid smoke and noise and sordid merrymaking. He heard their rude jests and their talk, and loud harsh peals of laughter; he listened to the songs they were listening to with the rough clamour of applause in which there was no real enjoyment. He followed them mutely — a solitary, keen-eyed spectator — into the places where they drank, and where they listened to those songs, with a strange sense of unreality upon him all the while. They were as unreal as if they had been lords and ladies yawning at a State ball. And then all at once John found himself in a dreary half-lighted room, in the midst of a Wesleyan prayer-meeting, where half-seen people, like ghosts in the half-light, were calling to God to have mercy upon them. He gazed at the prayer-meeting as he did at the music-hall, wondering what all the people meant. Would they go on like that till death suddenly came and turned the performance into a reality at last? He had no Virgil to guide him, no *Donna sceso del cielo* to be his passport everywhere. And he scarcely knew what were the doubts he wanted to be solved. "Now I shall sleep at last," was all he said to himself as he went in when the night was far advanced, having spent it in visiting many places where Dr. Mitford's son should not have entered. Was he taking to evil ways? or was there any chance that he could solve his own problem by means such as these?

## CHAPTER XXVI.

NEXT morning John did not permit himself any musings; he got up with the air of a man who has something to do for the first time for many weeks. There was nobody to do anything for him in his poor lodging; no Jervis to unpack his things and put them in order. He had opened his portmanteau to take out what he wanted from it, but he had not unpacked it. It stood open with all its straps undone, and everything laid smooth by the careful hands at home, and John closed it once more and left it in readiness to be removed again when he went out. It was quite early in the October morning, which was bright, and sharp, and frosty, with patches of white rime lying in the un-sunned corners, and great blobs of cold dew hanging from the branches of the suburban trees. "My mother has had her frost," John could not help saying to himself as he went out. And all the world was astir, looking as unlike that feverish, noisy world which had smoked and cheered at the music-halls last night, as could be supposed. When he saw the people moving about so

briskly in the sharp, clear air, he could not but ask himself, were they the same? Was that the man who had thumped with hands and feet, and roared open-mouthed, at the imbecility of the comic song? or was that he who led the chorus of exclamations at the prayer-meeting? John was in so strange a state of mind that the one was to him very much as the other, both phantoms — one coarsely making believe to be amused, the other coarsely pretending to pray. He went to the bank first, where all the clerks had just settled down in the first freshness of morning work. He went in at the swinging doors with the early public, and stood outside the counter looking for some one to address himself to. In his first glance round he saw that his place at the desk in the window from which he had so often watched Kate was filled by another; which was a small matter enough, and yet went through him with a sudden thrill, adding firmness to the resolution which began to form in his mind. After a moment Mr. Whichelo rose from his desk, and came forward, holding out his hand, to meet him. "How are you, Mr. Mitford? I hope I see you quite recovered: how is the arm?" said Mr. Whichelo, with bustling cordiality; and John had to pause to explain how it was that he was able to do without his bandages, and no longer required to wear the injured arm in a sling.

"Mr. Crediton has not come in to-day. I don't suppose we are likely to see him to-day; but you must know better than we do, Mr. Mitford, for I suppose you have just come from Fernwood?"

"No, it is some time since I left Fernwood. I have been at home," said John.

"Dear me!" said the head clerk, raising his eyebrows. Mr. Whichelo thought there was no such place as Fernwood in the kingdom, and was naturally astonished that any man could relinquish its delights. But then he added, with condescending moral approval, "And quite right, too, Mr. Mitford; when there is anything the matter with you, there is no place like home."

Then there was a momentary pause; the public were coming and going, in small numbers as yet, but still enough to keep the doors swinging and the clerks at the counter employed. But Mr. Whichelo and John stood in the centre, between the two lines of desks, taking no notice of the public. John would have known quite well what to say to Mr. Crediton had he found him there, but it was more difficult with his head clerk.

"Ah, I see," said Mr. Whichelo; "you always had a very quick eye, Mr. Mit-

ford — you perceive the change we have made."

"I perceive you have filled up my place," said John.

"No, no — not filled up your place; I have put in a junior temporarily to do the work. My dear Mr. Mitford," said the head clerk, with a smile, "if you were only an ordinary *employé* like one of the rest —"

"A false position," said John. "Don't disturb the young fellow for me. No, I have not come back to work. I want to see Mr. Crediton if I can. You don't expect him to-day? nor to-morrow? Then I must see him somewhere else —"

"Very far from that; you are only too good for us — too good for us, that is all. It seems a shame, with your education, to see you making entries that any lad could make. But of course, Mr. Mitford, you occupy a very different position. We are all aware of that."

"A false position," said John. "Don't disturb the young fellow for me. No, I have not come back to work. I want to see Mr. Crediton if I can. You don't expect him to-day? nor to-morrow? Then I must see him somewhere else —"

"At Fernwood," said Mr. Whichelo; "you can always see him at Fernwood."

"Very well," said John. He felt as if he had got his orders when these words were said. Of course it was to Fernwood he must go to see if any comfort was to be had there. Fanshawe threw no light upon what he ought to do, neither did Camelford; and Fernwood was the only place that remained. He shook hands with Mr. Whichelo again, and went out with a certain alacrity. The junior at his desk in the window no longer troubled him. Yes; no doubt the boy would sit there, and see Kate come and go, and take no thought. The beautiful Miss Crediton, with all her gaieties and splendour, would be nothing to him; far better that he should fill that corner and make his entries, than that John should sit there consuming his heart. Fernwood was ten miles off, but it was a bright day, and to walk there was the best thing he could do. It gave him time to think, and it kept up a certain rhythm of movement and action about him which prevented him from thinking — and that on the whole was the best. The long road spun along like a thread, lengthening and lengthening as he went on, moving as if off a wheel, with half-stripped trees and falling leaves, and brown hedges, and here and there the russet glory of a bramble-branch trailing over the humid grass. Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel, he seemed to hear some one singing as he went on and on; and the gleaming line of path spun out, circling out of the horizon on one side, back into it on the

other, and there seemed no reason why it should ever come to any pause. His brain was giddy, and spun, too, as the road did. He went on with a buzzing in his ears, as if he too were on the wheel, and was winding, winding, and revolving with it, now up, now down, going on and on. What the end was, or if there was any end, he did not seem to know. It was the measured chant, the circles woven by mystic feet, never ending, still beginning. He had come to the very park of Fernwood before he roused himself from this strange dreamy sense of movement. It was a brilliant autumn, and already the beech-trees and the oaks were dressed in a hundred colours. The gentlemen of the party would of course be among the covers — and the ladies — Here John paused, and began to ask himself what his meaning was. Was it Kate he had come to see? was it into her hands that once more, once again, like a fool, he was going to put his fate?

He stopped, and leaned upon a great beech, which stood with a little forest of juniper-bushes round it, withdrawn from the road. It was on the outskirts of the park, just where two paths met — one starting off into the wilder tangled ground beyond the open; the other leading towards the house on a parallel with the avenue which John had just left. He was crossing through the brushwood to gain this foot-path, when he stopped there against the beech-tree to collect himself, feeling giddy. It was a huge beech, with a trunk vast enough to have hidden a company of people, and great russet branches sweeping down, and the juniper in circles, like the stones of the Druids, making a sort of jungle round it. Was it an evil or a good fate that brought him there at that moment of all others? He had scarcely stopped, and the sound of his foot crushing down the juniper could not have ceased in the still air, when his eye caught a gleam of colour and some moving figures passing close to him on the other side of the beech. He stood like one bewildered when he saw that it was Kate. She was walking along slowly at a very meditative pace, with her head drooping and her eyes cast down, so far occupied with her thoughts that she neither heard nor saw nor suspected the presence of any observing bystander. And she was not alone. Walking by her side, with his eyes upon her, was Fred Huntley. She was gazing on the ground, but he was gazing at her. Her face was abstracted and full of thought; but his was eager, flushed with wishes and hopes and expectation. They were not saying anything to each other.

John did not hear a word as they went slowly past; but imagine how it must have felt to wake up out of a feverish haze of doubt and inquietude and unreality, and suddenly open his eyes on such a sight! He stood spell-bound, scarcely venturing to breathe, and heard the rustle and sweep of her dress over the grass, and her sometimes faltering, unsteady step, and Huntley's foot, that rang firm upon the path. Their very breathing seemed to come to him in the air, and the faint violet scent, which was Kate's favourite perfume, and the movement and rustle of her going. They passed as if they had been in a dream, and John held his breath, and all his life concentrated itself into his eyes. Her figure detached itself so against the still autumnal landscape, her grey dress, the blue ribbons that fluttered softly about her, the soft ruffled feathers, lightly puffed up against the wind in her hat—and the man by her side, with his eyes so intent upon her. 'It was an affair of a moment, and they were gone; and as soon as they had passed out of hearing, and were about to disappear among the trees, they began to talk. He heard their voices, but could not tell what they said; but the voices were low, toned to the key of that still landscape, and of something still more potential than the landscape; and John turned from the scene, which was stamped on his memory as if in lines of fire, and looked himself as it were in the face, feeling that this at last was the truth which had burst upon him, scattering to the wind all his dreams.

He turned without a word, and walked back to Camelford. There seemed no more doubt or question in his mind. He did not even feel as if any painful accident had happened to him; only that it was all over—finished and past, and the seal put to the grave of his dreams. He even walked back with more assured steps, with less sense of a burden on his shoulders and a yoke about his neck. It had been very sweet and very bitter, delightful and miserable, while it lasted; but now it was over. And it never occurred to him that the conclusion which he thus accepted so summarily was as unreasonable as the beginning. No; the time of dreaming was over, he thought, and now at last there stood revealed to him the real and the true.

#### CHAPTER XXVII.

It was late in the afternoon when John reached Camelford. He had stopped to rest at a roadside public-house, where he ate and drank, as a man might do in the

exhaustion of grief coming home from a funeral. He had sat before the rustic door, and watched the carts that went slowly past with heavy wheels, and the unfrequent passengers; and he had felt very much as if he had been at a funeral. It was a long walk, and he was very footsore and weary when he reached his lodgings. He was out of training, and the fire and his accident had impaired his strength, and his heart was not light enough to give him assistance. When he shut himself once more into his little parlour, he was so much worn out that he had no strength to do anything. He had meant to return only for the sake of the portmanteau, which imagination represented to him lying open on the floor of his bedroom, all packed, which it was a comfort to think of; but after his twenty-miles walk he had no longer the energy to gather his little possessions together. He laid his aching limbs on the sofa and tried to rest. But it was very hard to rest; he wanted to be in motion all the time; he did not feel able to confront the idea of spending all the gloomy evening alone in that dreary little room. Home, home, his mind kept saying. It would not be cheerful at home. He did not know how he was to bear the stillness, and his mother's cry of wonder, and his father's questionings. But yet a necessity was upon him to go on and make an end of the whole matter; and he shrank from the thought of even one evening more in that half-lighted, drab-coloured, miserable room. After his first pause of weariness, he sprang up and rang his bell, and told his landlady he was going away. "Get my bill ready, please," he said; "and if you will put my things together for me, and send for a cab for the eight o'clock train—" "Lord, sir, I hope it aint nothing in the rooms! they're nice rooms as ever could be, and as comfortable as I could make them, or any woman," she said. John comforted her *amour propre* as well as he could, with a tale of circumstances that compelled his departure, and felt as if he had been addressing a public meeting when his short colloquy was over. Never in his life before had he been so tired—not ill nor sad to speak of—but tired; so fatigued that he did not know what to do with himself. But it was still only four o'clock, and there were four hours to get through, and a great deal to do. He got his writing things together with as much difficulty as if they had been miles apart, and threw himself on the sofa again, and wrote. The letter was to Mr. Crediton, and over that the pen went on fluently enough.

"DEAR SIE,—I think it right to let you know—as soon as I am perfectly sure of my own mind—that I feel obliged to relinquish the post you kindly gave me three months ago in the bank. Early training, and the habits belonging to a totally different kind of life, have at last made the position untenable. I am very sorry, but it is better to stop before worse come of it, if worse could come. I do not suppose that the suddenness of my resolution can put you to any inconvenience, as I saw, on visiting the bank this morning, that my place had been already filled up. I meant to have seen you, but found it impracticable. I hope you will accept my apologies for any abruptness that there may be in this letter, and regrets that I have not been able better to make use of the opportunity you afforded me —"

Here John came to a stop—opportunity for what? Opportunity of winning your confidence—opportunity of gaining an acquaintance with business—of proving myself worthy of higher trust? He could not adopt any of these expressions. The shorter the letter, the least said, the better. He broke off abruptly without concluding his sentence. He had very little to thank Mr. Crediton for; but yet he could not, with any regard to justice, blame him. Kate's father, though he had done little for, had done nothing absolutely against him. It was not Mr. Crediton he found fault with—Mr. Crediton was very justifiable; and was it, could it be, that he was about to find fault with Kate?

He began to write to her half-a-dozen times at least. He began indignant—he began tenderly,—he upbraided—he remonstrated—his pen ran away with him. He had meant to use one class of words, and under his very eyes it employed another. He wrote her ever so many letters. He set before her all his passion—all his readiness to sacrifice himself—all the tortures he had suffered at the window of the bank seeing her come and go and having no share in her life. He told her what a chill blank had come over him at Fernwood—how he had felt that he was nothing to her. He told her what he had seen that morning. He was eloquent, pathetic, overwhelming. His own heart felt as if it must burst while he wrote; but as he read over each completed page, John had still so much good sense left that he dragged his stiff limbs from the sofa and put it into the fire. It was thus he occupied almost all the time he had to wait; and it was only just before his cab came to the door that he put into its envelope this letter, in which it will be seen he neither remonstrated nor upbraided, nor even gave her up. He could not give her up, and

how could he accuse her? He accuse Kate? If she was guilty her heart would do that—if not—— But alas! the latter alternative was impossible; only for "utter courtesy," for utter tenderness, he could not blame the woman he loved.

"I do not know how to write," he said, "though you tell me to write. Dear Kate, dearest Kate—you will always be dearest to me,—This may pass over, and be to you as the merest dream; but to me it must always be the centre and heart of my life. I don't know what to say to you. I have not written, not out of lack of love, but lack of hope. If I could think I was any way necessary to you—if I could feel you wanted me—but your sweet life is so complete; and what is mine to be tacked on to it? I don't know what to say. Silence seems the best. Dear! dearest! you are so bright that my heart fails me when I look at you. I drop down into the shade, and there seems nothing left for me but to keep still. I try to rouse myself with the thought of what you say—that you want me to write, that you are anxious—*anxious about me!* And you mean *it*, dear—you mean it, I know; but the words have a soft meaning to you different from their meaning to me. And you have no need of me, Kate. I feel it, and that takes the words out of my mouth, and all the courage out of my heart.

"I was at Fernwood to-day, and saw you, though you did not see me. You were walking in the little footpath near the avenue. Ah, Kate! but for that I think I could have gone to you, and said some things I cannot write. Do not be grieved in your kind heart because I am leaving Camelford. It was a mistake, but I was to blame. I am going home, and I don't quite know what I shall do; but time, perhaps, will make the way clear. Dearest, if ever you should want me—but how should you want me? God bless you! I have no claim to make, nor plea to put forth; but I am always and ever yours—always and for ever, whatever may happen—yours and yours only to command,

"JOHN MITFORD."

He put the two letters into their envelopes, and sealed and put them into the post with his own hand as he went to the station. He carried all his possessions with him—not merely the portmanteau; and he was dead tired—so tired that he would have passed Fanshawe station and gone on perhaps to London—for he had dropt asleep in the train—but for the guard, who knew him. When he found himself on the little platform at Fanshawe, chilly and stupid as a man is who has just awakened from sleep, the only strong feeling in his mind was an earnest overwhelming desire to get to bed. He did not seem capable of realizing that he had got home again, after his disastrous voyage into the world—he only thought

of going to sleep; and it was not his mother's wondering welcome he was thinking of, or the questions they would ask him, but a pleasant vision of his own room, with the fire burning in the grate, and the white fragrant sheets opened up and inviting him to rest. He felt half asleep when he crossed the threshold of the Rectory, and walked into the drawing-room to his mother, who gave a shriek of mingled delight and alarm at so unlooked-for an apparition. "John, you are ill; something has happened," Mrs. Mitford cried out, in an agony of apprehension. "I am only sleepy, mother," he said. That was all he could say. He sat down and smiled at her, and told her how tired he was. "Nothing particular has happened, except in my own mind," he added, when he came to himself a little, "and not much even there. I am awfully tired. Don't ask me anything, and don't be unhappy. There is nothing to be unhappy about. You shall know it all to-morrow. But please, mother dear, let me go to bed."

"And so you shall, my dear," said Mrs. Mitford; "but, oh, my own boy, what is the matter? What can I say to your papa? What is it? Oh, John, I know there is something wrong."

"Only that I shall go to sleep here," he said, "and snore—which you never could endure. There is nothing wrong, mamma. I have come home to be put to bed."

"Then you are ill," she said. "You have caught one of those dreadful fevers. I see it now. Your eyes are so heavy you can scarcely look at me. You have been in some of the cottages, or in the back streets where there is always fever; but Jervis shall run for the doctor, and the fire must be lighted in your room."

"The fire by all means, but not the doctor," said John. "I have no fever, mother; but I have walked twenty miles to-day, and I am very tired. That is all. I am not hiding anything: let me go upstairs."

"You are sure that is all? A fire in Mr. John's room directly, Jervis—directly, mind; and some boiling water to make him a hot drink—he has caught a bad cold. Oh, my dear, you are sure that is all? And, John, you have really, really come home—to stay? You don't mean to stay?"

"I don't know what I mean," he said. "I have left Camelford. I have come

back like a piece of bad money. But, mother, don't ask me any questions to-night."

"Not one," she answered promptly; and then besieged him with her eyes—"Twenty miles, my dear boy! what a long walk! no wonder you are tired. But what put it in your head, John? Never mind, my dear. I did not mean to ask any more questions. But, dear me! where could you want to go that was twenty miles off? That is what bewilders me."

"You shall hear all about it to-morrow," said John, rising to his feet. He was so tired that he staggered as he rose, and his mother turned upon him eyes in which another kind of fear flashed up. She grew frightened at his weakness, and at the pale smile that came over his face.

"Yes, my dear, go to bed—that will be the best thing," she said, looking scared and miserable. And it went to John's heart to see the painful looks she gave him, though it was with a mixture of indignation and amusement that he perceived the new turn her thoughts had taken. He could not but laugh as he put his arm round her to say good-night.

"It is not that either," he said; "you need not mistrust me. Staying in Camelford will not answer, mother. I must find some other way. And I have had a long walk. I am better now that my head is under my mother's wing. Good-night."

"I will bring you your hot drink, my dear," said Mrs. Mitford. She followed him in her great wonder to the foot of the stairs, and watched him go up wearily with his candle, and then she returned and made the hot drink, and carried it up-stairs with her own hands. Was it all over?—was he hers again?—her boy, with nobody else to share him? "If he only escapes without a heartbreak, I shall be the happiest mother in the world," she said to herself, as she went down stairs again, wiping tears of joy out of her eyes. Without a heartbreak! while John laid his head on the familiar pillow and felt as if he had died. He had no heart any longer to break. He must have something to do, and no doubt he would get up next day and go and do something, if it was only working in the garden; but as for the heart, that which gives all the zest and all the bitterness to life, that was dead. His life was over and ended, and it seemed to him as if he could never come alive again.



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THE EDINBURGH REVIEWERS.

FRANCIS JEFFREY.

IN the autumn of the year 1801 a group of young men, hardly, for the most part, out of their cricketing days, happened to meet together one evening in the chambers of a Scotch barrister, on the eighth or ninth flat of a house in Buccleugh Place, Edinburgh, to talk of poetry, metaphysics, and politics, over their Bohea. They were all men of rare endowments, men of wit, of eloquence, of high spirit, and of ambition equal at least to their accomplishments. Except, however, in their own estimation of themselves, they were none of them particularly distinguished, unless, perhaps, it may be, as the heroes of those oyster-supper parties which then formed one of the pleasantest traits in the social life of the Athens of the North, where men met to eat and drink, to argue and joke, and to indulge now and then in one of the rarest privileges of friendship, by sitting still as stupid listeners. They had hardly a hundred pounds in hard cash between them, and I doubt whether they possessed sufficient credit to raise that sum on their joint note of hand. "I see no prospect," said the owner of the rooms, speaking with the frankness of friendship, "but that of dying the death of other great geniuses — by hunger." And he was one of the seniors of the party, a thin, spare man, of thirty, with keen and sharply-cut features, dark bushy hair, and sparkling black eyes, in physique not much bigger than an Aztec, but with an intellect of almost preternatural acuteness, a fluent tongue, well practised in the art of conversation, as the art of conversation was then understood in the metaphysical circles of Edinburgh, and possessing, as he thought, a turn for epic poetry. This was Francis Jeffrey; and he was just now at the very lowest ebb of fortune. He had swept the hall of the Court of Session in the wig and gown of one of the *noblesse de la robe* for seven years, without picking up sufficient fees to stock his office with law books. He had tried his hand on authorship, at poetry, at law, and criticism, and had come to the conclusion that, with great powers of industry, he possessed no special qualification for anything. He had even failed in an attempt to establish himself as a newspaper grub in London, under the auspices of the Scotch editor of the *Morning Chronicle*; and, with no prospect but that of picking up two hundred guineas a-year as a law reporter at the Scotch Bar, he had married a girl without a shilling in the world, taken

up his quarters in these garrets in Buccleugh Place, abandoned the hope of earning even these two hundred guineas at the bar, and was now, in a spirit of sheer despair, thinking and talking of studying Oriental literature, and seeking his fortune in India. The hopes of the rest of the group were at least a trifle higher than this. They still cherished the illusions of one-and-twenty: one of them talking of the horsehair and ermine of the Lord Chancellor, and another of the lawn sleeves and shovel hat of an English bishop. But even these ambitious spirits were neither of them men of high birth or fortune, nor of influential connections; and were therefore, quite as much as Jeffrey, dependent upon themselves, upon their own wit and courage, for the attainment of any honours that might be in store for them. In these qualities, however, neither Henry Brougham nor Sydney Smith were particularly deficient; and when Sydney Smith proposed, in the hardy spirit which more or less animated all of them that they should set up a Review, even Horner, the sagacious Horner, the gentlest of the group, did not deprecate what they must all, nevertheless, have felt to be a rash, and perhaps ruinous, experiment. The proposal was adopted by acclamation. The author of the suggestion was at once installed as editor, and commissioned to look out for a publisher.

This — as I need hardly, perhaps, add — was the origin of the *Edinburgh Review*, a publication which, though now superseded in most of its functions by the newspaper press, has in its day exercised a more powerful influence on English politics and English literature, and numbered in the ranks of its contributors more brilliant and distinguished writers than all its contemporaries put together.

It is an old story, I know; but it is a story that can never pall in the telling, for it represents one of those incidents in the history of literature over which the imagination loves to linger, and to scan in all its detail.

You take up the first volume of the *Edinburgh Review*, run your eye over its title-page and its modest preface, and at once reproduce in your mind's eye, by a sort of enchantment, that scene in Buccleugh Place. There is Jeffrey's plainly-furnished study, fitted up complete for 7l. 10s. There are his books and papers scattered about on his desk, two or three old briefs, returned MSS., and a copy of the *Monthly Review*, containing his first published contribution, on Whiter's "Etymologicon Magnum;" and there, round his hearth, are three or



four of the most active and powerful intellects in the three kingdoms — Brougham, as yet, perhaps, only half conscious of his gigantic energies, but panting to do something to distinguish himself; Sydney Smith, with his jovial, beaming countenance, and his restless gray eye sparkling with wit, the only man in the group, as he used to boast, with any plausible pretensions to good looks; and Horner, the knight of the shaggy eyebrows, with the Ten Commandments all written in the lines of his face as legibly as they were on the tables of stone. It was a tempestuous night, and one can still hear the echo of the laugh over Smith's prediction that they were brewing a far stronger storm in Jeffrey's garret. "What terms are we to offer the publisher?" "What motto shall we adopt?" "What is to be the size of the *Review*?" were some of the first questions that had to be turned over; and they were all disposed of in an off-hand manner. Smith, of course, suggested that they should take as their motto, "*Tenui Musam meditatur avena*" — We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal! But this, as they all acknowledged, was too near the truth to be admitted; and Brougham took up a copy of "Publius Syrus" that happened to lie on the table, turned over the leaves, of which none of them had read a syllable, and hit upon the sentence that still adorns the covers of the old buff and blue — "*Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur*!" Of course it was easier to find a motto than a publisher. They offered the whole of the first year's numbers to Constable as a present if he would take all the risks of printing and publishing. Considering the spirit of the writers, and the state of the law at that time, these risks were not the trifles they are now. But the Prince of Publishers closed with the offer, and the Reviewers set to work with their pens.

Except Jeffrey, none of these Edinburgh Reviewers had, I believe, written a line beyond their college exercises; and all that Jeffrey had published had been one or two trifling bits of criticism in the *Monthly Review*. But Jeffrey set to work with his task like a practised athlete. It was just the sort of work that his previous training and course of reading had qualified him to shine in. He had been a critic from his cradle. He possessed a fluent and vigorous pen, an intellect teeming with arguments and illustrations upon almost every possible topic of literary and metaphysical discussion, and the most intensely critical spirit that perhaps ever animated a man of letters. Even when a mere boy at Glasgow University, Jeffrey had distinguished him-

self in the Historical and Critical Clubs by his fluency and acuteness; and when an essay of Principal Haldane's once fell into his hands for analysis, he dissected it with a precocious keenness and severity that startled his professor. The critical powers which were thus early brought into play were developed by the most intense and systematic course of mental exercise that a man of genius ever put himself through. He analyzed and criticised every book he read; every lecture he attended at Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Oxford; the professors, and their theories and styles; his own poems, essays, and translations; and to crown all, he generally finished up by criticising, in the sharpest terms, his own criticisms. Most of these MSS. have been preserved; and, knowing what a hornet's nest Jeffrey brought about his ears as the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, it is curious to look through them and see how he anticipated his censures, upon the Lake Poets, for instance, by his criticism upon his own work. "I do not like this piece," he says of one of his essays on Poetry; "but of which of my productions can I not say the same? Here, however, it is said with peculiar energy. The style is glaringly unequal; affectedly plain in the beginning, oratorical in the end. The design is not one, and I am afraid the sentiments are not consistent." "This barbarous version of the elegant Racine," he says of another piece, "I feel myself bound to stigmatize with its genuine character, that as often as the proofs of my stupidity, displayed on the foregoing pages, shall mortify my pride, I may be comforted by the instance of candour set forth on this." He compiles an epitome of Lucretius, reads it, and pronounces it "a very disgraceful performance." "The poetical beauties of the original are entirely lost." He sketched out a speech on the Slave Trade on the model of Demosthenes. "On the model of Demosthenes!" he says, with a sneer, at the close of his work. "Admirably executed! I wonder which of the characteristics of that orator I had in my mind to imitate while I covered these pages! There can hardly be anything more unlike the style, though at times it is evident I have been jumping at that too; and the solicitude with which I have avoided special narrative and individual illustration is still more inconsistent with the instant peculiarity of that model. Now I knew all this when I avowed my intention of imitation. What was it, then, that I designed to imitate? That perspicuity and simplicity of arrangement, that direct and unremitting tendency to the single object of the discourse, that naked and

undisguised sincerity of sentiment, that perpetual recurrence to acknowledged and important positions, which are, certainly, the most intrinsic and infallible marks of the orations of Demosthenes. No intermission of argument, no digressive embellishment, no ostentatious collocation of parts, no artificial introduction, no rhetorical transition is to be found in the pages of this accomplished and animated orator. He falls from argument to argument with the most direct and unaffected simplicity; and at every transition from argument to exhortation, and from exhortation to reproach, he holds the one object of his discourse fully in his own eyes, and in those of his auditors. This I say by way of self-defence, that I may not be thought to have mistaken the character of this writer, whom my imitation evinces me to have understood so ill. In one respect it is similar to my model—it is sincere, and has not declined any part of the argument that occurred. Towards the end it is most defective: the turgid breaking in upon one unawares. I never read ten pages on the question in my life. I pretend, therefore, that this is original." This is the very style of the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, an anticipation of the tone that marked some of the most exasperating of his criticisms.

Of course the object of all these exercises, of all this self-analysis, was to acquire accuracy of thought, and ease and readiness of expression. And they served their purpose with remarkable success. The quickness of Jeffrey's perception, the rapidity of his thought, the fluency and flexibility of his tongue and his pen, were the marvel of his friends. They were like those of an improvisatore. "He seemed to invent arguments, and to pour out views, and to arrive at conclusions instinctively." These, of course, were the very qualities that were needed for the work, and especially in the case of men circumstanced as the original band of *Edinburgh Reviewers* were, with nothing but the scraps of their time to devote to criticism; and Horner, the sagacious Horner, at once saw that if any of them were destined to derive honour from the *Review*, Jeffrey was the man. "The genius of that little man," he said, with characteristic generosity, "remained almost unknown to all but his most intimate acquaintances. His manner is not, at first, pleasing; what is worse, it is of that cast which almost irresistibly impresses upon strangers the idea of levity and superficial talents. Yet there is not any man whose real character is so much the reverse. He has, indeed, a very sportive and playful fancy; but it is accompanied with an exten-

sive and varied information, with a readiness of apprehension almost intuitive, with judicious and calm discernment, with a profound and penetrating understanding."

Yet, of all the *Edinburgh Reviewers*, no one in the first instance seems to have thought less of the prospects of the *Review* than the critic by whose genius it was, in the course of a few years, to be developed into the most brilliant and powerful representative of the Fourth Estate. His only anxiety was to drag through the first year, in order to relieve themselves of the bond they had entered into with Constable. He harps upon this point in his letters all through the year. "I have completely abandoned the idea of taking a permanent share in the publication," he says, writing in June, 1802; "and shall probably desert after fulfilling my engagements, which only extend to a certain contribution for the first four numbers. I suspect that the work itself will not have a much longer life. I believe we shall come out in October, and have no sort of doubt of making a respectable appearance, though we may not, perhaps, either obtain popularity, or deserve it."

How the original band of *Edinburgh Reviewers*, strengthened with two or three recruits—Murray, Thompson, Seymour, and Playfair, for instance—met together during the first year in a dingy room off Willison's printing office, in Craig's Close, with Sydney Smith in the chair, to read the proofs of their own articles, compare notes, and allot books, to criticise each other all round, and to sit in judgment on the few MSS. that were then offered by outsiders, I need not say; nor how Smith insisted, probably with a twinkle in his eye and an expression of well-feigned horror, that they should all repair to this dark divan, like a band of conspirators, singly and by back lanes, in order to throw off suspicion, and to preserve that incognito without which, as he professed to believe, it was impossible for them to go on a single day. These gatherings have been commemorated by a more graphic pen than mine; and a note, in passing, is enough to reproduce the whole scene.

The first number of the *Edinburgh Review* made its appearance on the 10th of October, 1802. I note this date, with the particularity of the almanack, because it marks, and marks in white chalk, the commencement of one of the most prolific and brilliant periods in the history of English literature.

Compared with the poets, historians, and wits of our own time, those of Queen

Anne are simply creatures of gauze and spangles. But, with two or three exceptions, none of the writers who flourished during the middle of the eighteenth century were fit to mend the pens of Pope, of Addison, and of Swift. You may run them all off on your fingers — Gray, Thomson, Young, Collins, Fielding, Richardson, Goldsmith, Johnson, Gibbon, Hume, and Cowper; and of these how many outlived the third quarter of the century? And of those who did, how many outlived it only as drivellers and shows? These men had between them given a fresh turn to the thought and style of our literature; but they had none of them acquired that ascendancy in matters of taste and style which Pope and Addison and Swift exercised in their day, and which has since been exercised by Scott, and Wordsworth, and Byron. They founded no schools. They left no successors. Their appearance was like the false dawn of an Indian summer. It was followed by intense darkness. A period of utter lifelessness supervened upon a period of silvered mediocrities. At the close of the century the first man of letters north of the Tweed was a sort of philosophical fribble — Henry Mackenzie, — the author of the "Man of Feeling." His companion in poetry was Joanna Baillie. Crabbe and Bowles were the English counterparts of these brilliant northern lights. Here and there, of course, a few men of original genius were rising to the surface; but, in 1802, the authors of "Marmion," of "Christabel," of "The Excursion," of "Roderick Random," of "The Pleasures of Memory," and "The Pleasures of Hope," were known only by the first trifles of their genius. Scott had published his "Minstrelsy," Wordsworth his first volume of "Ballads," Coleridge his "Ancient Mariner," Southey his "Thalaba." But that was all. Scott had not yet written a line of his "Lay," in the form in which we now have it, although, at the request of Lady Dalkeith, he had been turning over in his mind a few verses of "a border ballad in the comic style," to preserve a ghost story which she had heard over the yule log. Coleridge was translating "Wallenstein," and writing squibs for the *Morning Post*. Southey was still puzzling out the mysteries of "Coke upon Littleton," as a preparation for the bar. Lamb was trying his hand at his first farce, in a garret in Chancery Lane. Wordsworth, after years of hesitation, had just made up his mind to make a poet's work the profession of his life, taken his cottage at Grasmere, thrown off a few sonnets, and planned the

prelude to his great work, in the course of his morning strolls on the banks of the Derwent. Byron had made his first dash into poetry, under the influence of his passion for his cousin; but he was still "a wild mountain colt" at Harrow. Shelley and Tom Moore were still in the nursery; and Macaulay, Dickens, Thackeray, Disraeli, and Bulwer Lytton, hardly as yet out of their cradles. All the highest intelligence of the country, all its culture, all its thought, all its wit, were to be found in the House of Commons; and perhaps at no period, except the present, has the House of Commons possessed a brighter constellation of statesmen, orators, and wits than it did then. Outside the House of Commons there was not a single political writer of the slightest mark. The *Times* as yet was hardly known, except as a sheet of gossip and advertisements. The *Morning Post* was principally distinguished by its *jeux d'esprit* upon the foibles of the day. The *Chronicle* was rising into note by its Parliamentary reports. But free and independent criticism on the political topics of the day was not yet thought of. And these were the only newspapers of the slightest political or literary influence within the four seas. The provincial press was voiceless. The reviews were tame and spiritless, to a degree which is now almost beyond conception. The *Gentleman* still preserved some sparks of the spirit that distinguished it in the days of Johnson and Cave. Its rivals, however, did not possess even this. They were the organs of the booksellers, and they puffed and sneered at rival publications all round as they were ordered. In the midst of this expanse of sand and scrub, the *Edinburgh Review* shot up, like one of those majestic palms which give a touch of preternatural beauty to the deserts of South America. Its effect was magical; and its publication is the first distinct sign of the revival of the literary and political life of the nation — the first streak of light in the dawn of a long and brilliant day.

Take up this number of the *Edinburgh Review*, and your first feeling is a sensation of surprise that anyone should have done anything but go to sleep over it. The articles which form the staple of the number are very long, and, to tell the truth, not particularly marked by any of those vivacities of style that afterwards distinguished the *Edinburgh Review*. A criticism on "Mounier," from the pen of Jeffrey, stands first; that covers seventeen pages. Horner takes up twenty-eight pages with an analysis of Thornton's work on "Paper Credit." Brougham discusses the "Crisis of the

Sugar Colonies," and takes twenty-two pages to do it. There is, too, a long and bitter review of "Thalaba," from the pen of Jeffrey, chiefly interesting as the first note of war against the Lakers and their poetry. The most readable articles are from the pen of Sydney Smith. You may generally trace his fine Roman hand in the first two or three sentences; and his contributions are light, racy, and off-hand. A tone of insolence and contempt is, however, the distinguishing mark of the contributions. Of course, there is a tone of cleverness about the *Review*, and, here and there, we come across a slashing page of criticism. But, contrasting the haughty declaration of the Reviewers in the preface—that they intend to notice only those works which possess a permanent interest, and to discuss the principles of these rather than their style,—one wonders why they should condescend to hunt the small deer which, every now and then, are started for a run of four or five pages, and, sometimes, even for a scramble of a page and a half. The truth is, the *Spectator* now contains in a single number more thought, more wit, and more criticism on politics and literature that is worth reading a second time than the whole of the first volume of the *Edinburgh Review*.

It is right, however, to add that the first number was written entirely by the projectors themselves—written, that is, by men who had taken up the work of criticism more in sport than anything else, that, with a single exception, they were all novices at the work, and that their contributions were thrown off in those intervals of leisure which tutors and barristers could steal from college rooms and courts of law. The first number contained in all twenty-one articles: seven from Smith's pen, five each from Jeffrey's and Brougham's, and four from Horner's.

What the circulation of these numbers of the *Review* was I cannot say. Booksellers are not in the habit of publishing their own autobiographies, and the accounts of the *Edinburgh Review* are still locked up in the archives of the house of Constable. It is plain, however, from the tenour of Constable's correspondence, that the *Review*, during its first year, brought more fame to its publisher than profit; for, though one of the most enterprising of publishers—a publisher who never hesitated for a moment upon projects that promised the slightest margin of profit, even Constable hesitated about continuing the *Edinburgh Review* beyond the term of his original engagement. He consulted Smith. Smith's answer was emphatic and business-like. "If you will give 200*l.* per annum to your editor, and ten

guineas a sheet, you will soon have the best *Review* in Europe." This note Constable submitted to Longman. He pronounced the terms to be beyond all precedent; but they were the only terms upon which Smith thought it possible to secure the pens of the original band in the permanent service of the *Review*, and Constable yielded to his suggestion. In five years the *Edinburgh Review* was the first in Europe, its editor the most powerful man of letters within the four seas, its staff of writers the flower of English intellect and English wit, and its proprietor the prince of publishers.

At the commencement of the second year Jeffrey was installed as editor with a fee of 50*l.* a number, and the scale of pay fixed at ten guineas a sheet. This, at the time, was thought very handsome. It represents now only the scale of second-rate publications. At the outset of the century, however, men like Scott and Southey, Coleridge and Hazlitt, Lockhart and Lamb, thought ten guineas a sheet of sixteen pages worth working for; and that for several years was the scale of the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly*. The *Westminster* was, I believe, the first to raise the amount. Sir John Bowring fixed the minimum pay of his staff at sixteen guineas a sheet. This was the rate, too, of the *London Magazine* and of the *New Monthly*, I believe, under the editorship of Lord Lytton. In both cases, however, special rates were paid to writers of acknowledged reputation, Charles Lamb, for instance, drawing a guinea and a half a page for his "Essays of Elia." Except during the first three or four years, however, the ten-guinea scale of the *Edinburgh* was not very closely adhered to. Practically, Jeffrey held a *carte blanche* as to payment; and he exercised his privilege pretty freely, paying for special contributions even as much as thirty guineas a sheet. In one or two cases, I believe Macaulay received fifty guineas a sheet. Twenty and twenty-five guineas was the rate in nearly every case after the establishment of the *Quarterly*, and Jeffrey estimates that the average rate, that is, reckoning the cost of the whole number to the publishers, during the greater part of his editorship, was not less than twenty to twenty-five guineas a sheet.

Even at this high rate of pay, however, Jeffrey did not find it easy work to keep his original staff together at their work as a regular task. Their ambition was not to play the mere part of sharpshooters in the political contests of their day. They aspired to figure in the front ranks of the combatants; and before the *Review* had been in existence a couple of years, Jeffrey found

himself alone in Edinburgh, the solitary representative of the original band of Reviewers. This was the most trying period of his editorship. Here is an illustration of the sort of perplexities he not unfrequently found himself in. He is writing to dun Horner for his contribution. "I have some right to dun, too," he says, "not merely because I am the master, to whom your service is due, but because I have myself sent fifty pages to the press before I ask you for one. Hear, now, our state, and consider: Brown has been dying with influenza, and is forbidden to write for his chest's sake. De Puis is dying with asthma, and is forbidden to write for his life's sake. Brougham is roaming the streets with the sons of Belial, or correcting his colonial proofs, and trusting everything to the exertions of the last week, and the contributions of the unfledged goslings who gabble under his wings. Elmsley — even the sage and staid Elmsley — has solicited to be set free from his engagements. And Timothy refuses to come under any engagements, with the greatest candour and good nature in the world." Smith and Horner professed to meet in London on the first of every month to go through the publisher's lists, and select the books they thought fit to review, keep what they could deal with themselves, and send the rest to Edinburgh to be apportioned out by the editor. But neither of them was to be depended on. "Horner," says Smith, "is a sort of literary tiger, whose den is strewn with ten times more victims than he can devour;" and Smith, after keeping back books, was quite as likely as Horner to send an apology instead of his MS. Now and then the crack men of the *Review* struck all round; and the number for January, 1805, was got out "without any assistance from Horner, Brougham, Smith, Brown, Allen, Thomson, or any of those gallant supporters who voted their blood and treasure for its assistance."

The editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, however, was not the man to crane even at difficulties like these. An editor, to be worth his salt, must be prepared, like a parliamentary leader, to write and talk upon any subject at a moment's notice, to find himself in perplexities, to see his favourite bolt at the last moment, to see his best hands throw down their pens, put on their hats, and walk off in the middle of an article, and yet to keep his head and his temper cool, fill up gaps in his ranks, cover retreats, and put the best face upon everything. And, perhaps, no man was ever better fitted for a post of this description than Francis Jeffrey. He was the *beau ideal* of an editor.

He could turn his hand to everything; take up a volume of English poetry, of German fiction, of French memoirs, or Scotch metaphysics, "cut the leaves and smell the paper knife," and throw off a light and sparkling review in the course of a few hours; revise a heavy article upon science or philosophy, and, by a touch of his pen here and there, an interpolation or an erasure, give it an air of liveliness as well as of learning, — see into the heart of a discussion at a glance and suck the brains of all his contributors like oranges. Possessing an audacity almost equal to Brougham, an intellectual dexterity which imposed upon most people like the sleight of hand of an Indian conjuror, diversified culture, a light and vivacious fancy, a fluent and vigorous pen, he knew all the arguments and sophisms upon every topic of thought and conversation, — hit upon plagiarisms, misquotations, and false theories in a book by a kind of instinct, and was prepared in the plenitude of his egotism to discuss astronomy with Herschel, chemistry with Playfair and Young, metaphysics with Dugald Stewart, the principles of taste with Alison or Madame de Staël, and English jurisprudence with the profoundest lawyers in Westminster Hall, in a style, perhaps, too flashy and superficial for sergeants-at-law and fellows of the Royal Society, but in an easy, off-hand, and sparkling style, that made the discussion pleasant and suggestive to people who only took up the *Review* to kill an hour after dinner. Sydney Smith caricatured Jeffrey's style with his usual point and wit. "Damn the solar system! bad light — planets too distant — pestered with comets — feeble contrivance; could make a better one with great ease."

All that Jeffrey wanted, Smith used to say, to make him the most charming of men, was a semblance of modesty. And that was the impression he left upon most people. Omniscience was his foible. He was too clever, too off-hand, too apt to contradict people upon matters that he knew nothing at all about. Of his wit, of his eloquence, of his humour, of his thought, no one ever speaks. His cleverness is what everyone harps upon. Mackintosh thought him the cleverest man he had ever met; and that is the highest eulogium I have yet met with upon Jeffrey. No one ever rises beyond that point in their admiration. Lawyers sneered at his law, poets pooh-poohed his canons of criticism. Southey thought his notions of taste contemptible. "He is a mere child upon that subject; I never met a man," he says, "whom it was so easy to check-mate." You may trace blunders by the score in most of his articles.



as they originally appeared. Yet it was impossible to take the conceit out of the man, or, to use Smith's phrase, to alarm him into the semblance of modesty; and Cockburn's remark on Southey's criticism is very characteristic. Of course, he pooh-poohs the suggestion that his hero was a child upon questions of taste or anything else; and, as to the notion of check-mating Jeffrey, he says that was simply impossible. He was as superior to trifles of that kind as the Emperor Sigismund was to the rules of grammar. "He was much more likely to have played on in spite of the check, or to have prevented his antagonist from seeing that it had been given." That sentence gives us the key to the whole of the man's character. It is a sort of biographical anagram.

Of course, these were qualities that won for Jeffrey a species of cold admiration, an admiration that was generally thought to be adequately expressed by that odious and equivocal term cleverness. They were not qualities to excite either sympathy or friendship, or, I might add, to make him one of the most agreeable of companions. *Tete-a-tete* now and then, or at a quiet dinner with Scott or Smith, Jeffrey could be pleasant enough; and Lockhart, in his "Life of Scott," gives us a glimpse of the editor of the *Edinburgh* and of his talk at a dinner-table. It is from the pen of an English gentleman, a member of the House of Commons, a man of culture, and a friend of Scott and Jeffrey alike. He happened to visit Edinburgh shortly after the article on "Marmion" appeared. The party was small. Scott and Jeffrey were the only lions. They were both in full force. "A thousand subjects of literature, antiquities, and manners were started; and much was I struck, as you may well suppose, by the extent, correctness, discrimination, and accuracy of Jeffrey's information; equally so with his taste, acuteness, and wit in dissecting every book, author, and story that came in our way. Nothing could surpass the variety of his knowledge, but the easy rapidity of his manner of producing it. He was then in his meridian. Scott delighted to draw him out, delighted, also, to talk himself, and displayed, I think, even a larger range of anecdote and illustration, remembering everything, whether true or false, that was characteristic or impressive; everything that was good, or lovely, or lively. It struck me that there was this great difference—Jeffrey, for the most part, entertained us, when books were under discussion, with the detection of faults, blunders, absurdities, or plagiarisms; Scott

took up the matter where he left it, recalled some compensating beauty or excellence for which no credit had been allowed, and, by the recitation, perhaps, of one fine stanza, set the poor victim on his legs again." And what Jeffrey was over a glass of wine he was at his desk. He was a critic to the tips of his fingers.

But with all his faults, and these were, I believe, the principal—want of breadth and want of generosity—Jeffrey was beyond comparison the most adroit and able editor that has yet sat in the chair of the *Edinburgh Review*. It was this belief of his in his own omniscience, this superabundant confidence in his own powers, this cold, critical temperament, this audacity and conceit, this glibness of tongue and pen, this power of playing on even after his check, that made Jeffrey what Jeffrey was. A man of more breadth, of more generous instincts, might have been as much out of place in the chair of the *Edinburgh Review* as Charles Dickens in the chair of the *Daily News*. A man of less versatility and less fluency could not have sat down and thrown off a light and readable review of a Waverley novel, a volume of Wordsworth's poetry, or a philosophical treatise of Madame de Staël, in an hour or two stolen from his sleep, or his briefs at the close of a day's work in the Court of Session. Yet this was what Jeffrey often did. "I am in a constant state of hurry and agitation," he says in one of his letters to Horner; "I have had reviews to write, and felons to defend, visits to pay, and journeys to perform, directions to give, and quarrels to make up—and all this without one interval of domestic tranquillity; but under strange roofs, where paper and pens were often as hard to be met with as leisure and solitude were always." And as his practice at the bar increased, you find him frequently talking of having written this and that article with the printer's devil at his door, or when the *Review* ought to be at press; for though he was in the habit of writing, on an average, two or three articles in every number of the *Review*, he never permitted the work of the *Review* to interfere with his business. The law was his profession, not letters; and with his volume of contributions before us, it is a little amusing to note how finically he guards himself in his correspondence against the suspicion of doing anything that can bear a tradesmanlike complexion. "I confine myself strictly," he says, "to intercourse with gentlemen only, even as contributors." "If I chose to give myself up to the magazine, I could make a lot of money; but I prefer to make less at the bar

than to abandon my profession, even though I make it with less personal pleasure."

Of course Jeffrey's best articles were not written with this haste and carelessness at the fag end of a day spent in defending a tipsy minister of the Kirk, at the bar of the General Assembly, or a sheep stealer in the Court of Session. These were written generally in the vacation at Hatton or at Craigmook. Yet it is surprising how little difference there is between Jeffrey's best and his second best work, between that which was thrown off in haste, and that which was thought out under the trees on the hill-side at Hatton, or on the lawn overlooking the peaks of Arran, at Craigmook. All his writing is critical; and in writing, as in conversation, it was the flaws of a book, its plagiarisms, its faults of style, its false logic, or its weak parts, that Jeffrey fastened upon. These he twists and turns about with keenness and vivacity, and frequently with severity that is hardly distinguishable from brutality; but there is a conversational tone about his style. It is the style of a man turning over a book, quizzing a high-flown sentiment here, a flight of tawdry eloquence there, contrasting the theory of one writer with that of another, and throwing in observations of his own now and then, in answer to the interlocutory criticism of a companion. There is no attempt at polish or elaboration in any of his articles. They are simply the writings of a man with keen powers of observation and a fluent pen. Jeffrey never starts any views of his own, and works them out as Macaulay does. Except in one or two articles,—in those, for instance, on Alison and Madame de Staël,—he never attempts to go into the principles of a question. He thinks it is quite enough to skim the surface of a discussion; and he is generally happiest when he gets into a vein of vituperation. His collected writings do not form more than a third of his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, but it is no exaggeration, I believe, to say that all Jeffrey's reviews put together are not worth one of the best of Macaulay's,—that, say, on Bacon, or on Warren Hastings.

Of Jeffrey's habits of work we do not know much. But what we do know is characteristic of the man. He never took up his pen till the candles were lit; and, like Sheridan and Byron, and Charles Lamb, he did most of his work in those fatal hours of inspiration from ten at night till two or three o'clock in the morning. Adopted originally, perhaps, from the exigencies of his profession, Jeffrey continued these habits of study and of work all through his

life; and the only disagreeable incident attending his elevation to the bench was, at least in his own estimation, the hard necessity it imposed upon him of breakfasting now and then at eight o'clock in the morning.

His manuscript was inexpressibly vile; for he wrote with great haste, as most men do whose thoughts outrun their pens, generally used a wretched pen, for he could never cut a quill, and altered, erased, and interlined without the slightest thought either of the printer or his correspondent. Sydney Smith was always quizzing Jeffrey upon his scrawl. "How happy I should be," he says, in one of his notes, "if you would but dictate your letters, and not write them yourself. I can scarcely ever read them!" He gives a pleasant description in another of the sort of perplexities he got into in trying to puzzle out Jeffrey's manuscript. "I have tried to read it from left to right, and Mrs. Sydney from right to left, and we neither of us can decipher a single word of it." Constable's printers followed Jeffrey's copy as Scotch terriers follow their quarry, by scent, for it was impossible for any of them to put two sentences together by sight. "A more illegible hand," says Lord Cockburn, "has rarely tormented friends. The plague of small misshapen letters is aggravated by a love of contractions, and an aversion to the relief of new paragraphs. There are whole volumes, and even an entire play, with the full complement of acts and scenes, without a new line." The explanation is, of course, the usual one with men of Jeffrey's temperament and genius. He had a horror and hatred of the work of the desk. "I would willingly forfeit any of my attainments," he says, "to acquire a good form of writing. But the truth is, I detest the employment. Such mechanical drudgery! and without any certainty of the attainment of my end." His favourite hours of reading were in the morning and in bed, unless he had to deal with a subject of peculiar difficulty, and in that case he read it up, as he read up most of his briefs, at night; for he had a notion that hints and suggestions, facts and thoughts, illustrations and authorities, picked up promiscuously over-night, assorted themselves in sleep round their proper centres, and thus reappeared in the morning in logical order under the influence of some law of crystallization in the intellect or the imagination. He had a "canine appetite for books," and spent most of the mornings of his vacations in what he calls quiet bed readings, in careless talk with friends and visitors, or, when alone, in

lounging about in the woods, reading idle snatches from Shakspeare and Fletcher, and Keats and Shelley, or in "watching seals, and porpoises, and yachts, and steam vessels, and clouds playing with the peaks of Arran," in toying with "the shells and pebbles that engaged the leisure of Scipio and Lælius, in a world in which nothing was like our world but the said shells and pebbles, and the minds of virtuous men resting from their labours," and in quiet contemplative trots before dinner along the sands, with "the waves plashing round his feet, and the wild thyme, and the bees, and the white houses gleaming round the shores of the mountains, bays, and promontories before him."

This sort of life was his delight; and in his early days, before he began to dream of the horsehair and ermine of the Lords of Session, he is everlastingly harping upon the pleasures of life in a cottage with 300*l.* a year, a wife and children, friends and books, free from all the vexations of law and politics; for he thought public life, after all, a sort of harlequinade, and never entered into its contests with the zest and ambition of a man who cared two straws about its honours and rewards. Even when at the head of his profession, with a seat in the House of Commons, and in a position where a man of his powers might have won the highest prizes of Parliamentary eloquence, we find him panting for a couple of days with the poets at Craigmyle. "If it were not for my love of beautiful Nature and poetry," he says, "my heart would have died within me long ago. I never felt before what immeasurable benefactors these same poets are to their kind, and how large a measure, both of actual happiness and prevention of misery, they have imparted to the race. I would willingly give up half my fortune, and some little of the fragments of health and bodily enjoyment that remain to me, rather than that Shakspeare should not have lived before me." That was the man. And this was the kind of life he was always sighing after. "He ever clung to hearts. As soon as any excitement that kept him up was over, his spirit, though strong, and his disposition, though sprightly, depended on the presence of old familiar friends. He scarcely ever took even a professional journey of a day or two alone without helplessness and discomfort;" and in Westminster Hall, on the Treasury Benches of

the House of Commons, on the Atlantic, or in America, he is always sighing after the "sweet leisure" of his life at Hatton, his flowers, his books, and his friends, "Tuckey's cherub voice and glittering eyes," his airy tea-drinkings with the open windows and swallows skimming past them, his long twilight social walks and his long mornings in bed, with the soft moon shining in upon his slumbers through the open windows. It was here, too, that he was seen at his best. Here, and here almost alone, he was free and genial, thoughtful and witty. At the bar he made very little play. In the House of Commons he was a failure. He never caught the tone of Holland House, and the conversational style of the Oyster Cellars of Edinburgh, the style, partly of a Scotch professor's class-room, and partly of the literary *salons* of Paris under the *régime* of the Academy, was a little too *bizarre* and dialectic to make much of a sensation in the most polished and brilliant drawing-room of St. James's. But at home with his books, and his flowers, and a few friends, strolling in the woods, or over a glass of wine after dinner, everybody concurs in speaking of him as one of the pleasantest and most suggestive of talkers.

"Witty as Horatius Flaccus,  
As great a Jacobin as Gracchus;  
Short, though not as fat, as Bacchus,"

is Sydney Smith's description of him in his well-known epigram on Jeffrey,

"Riding on a little jackass;"

and Sir James Mackintosh speaks of him as "more lively, fertile, and brilliant, than any Scotch man of letters, with more imagery and illustration added to the knowledge and argumentative powers of his country, and more sure than any native of this island whom I have seen, to have had splendid success in the literary societies of Paris." Yet it speaks well for Jeffrey's heart that with this freshness, vivacity, and wit, he used to thank God that he had never lost his relish for bad company; and Horner seems to have condensed all his principle foibles and faults as a barrister and a politician into a single sentence, when he said that all he wanted to be as irresistible at the bar and in the House of Commons, as he was at his own dinner-table, was to speak slow, to add a cubit to his stature, and to be a little dull.

CHARLES PEBODY.

From Fraser's Magazine.  
MR. DISRAELI'S LOTHAIR.

BY SHIRLEY.

A QUARTER of a century has passed away since Mr. Disraeli laid aside his pen, and those of us who were boys then have entered on that middle road of life which leads downhill all too rapidly. In the garden of Bethany, in the vivid but brief twilight of the East, Tancred had wooed Eva, and she had in vain besought him to fly from her. "I am a Christian in the land of Christ," exclaimed the hero, "and I kneel to a daughter of my Redeemer's race. Why should I fly?" And then, as her head fell upon his shoulder, the silence was broken by many voices, which announced to the enraptured lover that his Syrian romance was ended.

"The Duke and Duchess of Bellamont had arrived at Jerusalem."

These were the last words of *Tancred* — the last words written by Mr. Disraeli before he took to organizing a party and governing an empire. Some of us, no doubt, during the intervening years, have tried to complete the interrupted romance — to fancy how the tangled skein was ultimately unravalled, and Eastern passion subdued into English decorum; how the Duchess and Eva got on together at Montacute, how Tancred spoke in the Lords, how Fakraddeen paid his debts; but the author himself has been studiously, perhaps prudently, silent. The nymph, indeed, has not been entirely forsaken: now and again she has been appealed to as the Roman poet appealed to her —

et tamen meas chartas  
Revisitote, sed pudenter et raro —

but in the severe march of grave political biography or cautious party manifesto it was difficult to recognize the light step of the comic muse. Yet, after all, the stage is more exciting than the closet, and Mr. Disraeli's life during these five-and-twenty years has been itself a romance, stranger and more surprising than the most ardent fancy could have painted. Chief of the great party which Pitt and Canning and Peel had led — Chancellor of the Exchequer — Leader of the House of Commons — Prime Minister of England! And now, having exhausted the excitements and ambitions of public life, Mr. Disraeli returns in real earnest to the vocation which he had relinquished, and writes — *Lothair*. Such an event cannot but excite some rather curious reflections.

It must always be matter for satisfaction when a statesman shows, in a practical way,

his literary tastes and capabilities. The poems in the *Anti-Jacobin* will live on their own intrinsic merit; but their interest is doubled when it is known that their author was one of the most brilliant ministers of the English Crown. Bolingbroke's fame rests as much on his friendship with Pope as upon the firmness with which he negotiated and concluded the peace of Utrecht. It is pleasant, moreover, to meet a political foe on the neutral ground of letters. I sometimes wonder whether it is absolutely necessary that Whigs should apply such terribly hard names to Tories, or that Tories should apply such terribly hard names to Whigs. If a foreign reader, who does not understand our insular ways, were to confine his reading to a particular journal — say the *Standard* or the *Star* (only the *Star* has fallen) — he would inevitably come to the conclusion that there are a set of public men in England — Whigs or Tories, as the case might be — who ought not to be at large, rogues who ought to be in a penitentiary, or imbeciles who ought to be in an asylum. (The *Saturday Review*, indeed, might try to persuade him that we are rogues all round: but then even foreigners know that the severe virtue of the *Saturday Review* is an ideal quality to which mere flesh-and-blood journalists of either party cannot attain.) We are generous enough to each other everywhere, except in the political arena; but whenever we take to political writing or speaking, "quack," "impostor," "charlatan," "knave," "fool," are about the mildest words that our vocabulary can supply. Hard words, it is true, break no bones; and there is a sort of tacit understanding among us that when we call our political opponents fools and knaves we are using the words in a strictly parliamentary sense, and that they may be excellent good fellows all the same. Still it is pleasant when a fit opportunity arrives to be able to indulge in the courtesies of letters — when a Republican journalist can say that Lord Derby's translation of the *Iliad* sheds lustre upon his order, when a Tory critic can declare that the statesman who wrote *Juventus Mundi* is a ripe scholar and a high-minded gentleman.

There is another way in which the association of politics and letters is likely to produce a good effect. It is calculated to remove the erroneous impression that there is an inevitable separation between the statesman and the student, between the man of action and the man of thought. Not the Jack of all trades only, but the Jack of more than one trade, is regarded

by our society with instinctive suspicion. The truth is that everything which enriches the mind, which makes it work more pliantly and move more variously, increases a man's practical capacity. A man who devotes himself exclusively to the technicalities of his trade loses breadth of character and the capacity to be first-rate even in his trade. For a man who thus wilfully narrows himself cannot cope successfully with all the variety of work that any one profession embraces. Take even the profession of law, which is said to be *par excellence* the most exclusive and exacting of professions. The conveyancer fails in the House of Commons, whereas the man of various culture, whose taste in art, in poetry, in letters, has been diligently disciplined — a lawyer like Sir Roundell Palmer, for instance — makes, taking the profession and all its incidents as a whole, the most practically successful lawyer. The reason, psychologically speaking, is obvious. Any specific faculty must suffer in the long run if the rest are neglected and left unused. In proportion to the power of the whole mind is the power of its constituents. Narrow the mind and we narrow its members. It is impossible to concentrate the entire vital energy upon a single function, or to strengthen one at the expense of the others. No faculty can bear above a certain tension, and its native power of resistance must be proportionately limited where there is no reserve left to fall back upon. Thus the logic of the lawyer is reinforced and invigorated when his reason, his imagination, and his wit are kept in play. The mind which moves constantly in the rut dulls its edge, and becomes dense, ponderous, and inflexible.

Than the present, moreover, there never was a time when it was more essential that our politicians should be something more than politicians. The sectarian trade spirit is in the ascendant. It is an age when we are continually asking ourselves —

For what in worth is anything  
But just the money it will bring?

And Mrs Browning did not draw very much upon her imagination when she represented modern society as a gigantic market-place —

Each soul is worth so much on 'Change,  
And marked, like sheep, with figures.

This spirit is making its way into political life, and the consequence is that economy — not efficiency — is established as the test of successful administration, and the House of Commons is ceasing to be the senate of

an empire and becoming the vestry of a parish. The advantage of literature to a statesman is that it inclines him to take the imperial as opposed to the parochial view of public life. The parochial mind busies itself upon the details of the franchise or of the ballot, and sees a question of life and death in the difference between a 6*l.* and a 4*l.* rating-clause; all such questions being to the other (which has found that under every sort of constitution men have been governed well if only they were capable of being governed at all) matters truly of no real moment whatever. The parochial mind cannot rise to the conception of national life as such — each man is an isolated unit who is bound to look after himself, and the devil take the hindmost; whereas to the other, the conception of national existence, not merely within the limits of this little island, but wherever England has set her foot and sent her sons, is one of the most real — so real that the separation of a colony from the mother country is in its estimation as painful and unnatural a process as the separation of a branch from the trunk or of a limb from the body. The democracy that is rising up among us is a trade democracy, and it is, therefore, unlike most democracies, a democracy without ideas, and without any conception of the value of ideas, as bearing upon national unity and greatness. The notion of some nations being simply bound together by an idea is in its eyes preposterous. The cost of the priests who ministered before the altar would have been denounced by Mr. McLaren or Mr. Baxter as an extravagance and an abuse; yet there can be no doubt that the Hebrew idea of God was the living principle and tie of Hebrew nationality. But for this central conception they would have sunk into the abyss of heathenism, and, serving a multitude of unclean deities, would have become even as the disorganized and divided idolaters around them.

On many accounts, therefore, we ought to feel grateful to men like Mr. Disraeli, who bring with them to the House of Commons, and to the contests of political life, the temper which has been disciplined by cultivation, and the experience which has been gathered in the company of great thinkers and writers. The vulgar, prosaic, arithmetical Philistine of democracy who cannot be made to understand the advantage of studious leisure; who denounces the public servant who is not the mere creature of routine and who is not as illiterate as his critic; who does not see that the true test of capacity is how a man does his work, and



that it is not the length of time occupied, but the thoroughness with which the work is done, that is the important consideration — is the giant whom at present we are most urgently called upon to assail and put to flight. Mr. Disraeli's literary and political career has been a protest — a vigorous and not altogether unsuccessful protest — against this sordid and vulgar conception of public duty. His influence in the House of Commons has been, if not spiritual, yet anti-mechanical — in thus far, at least, that his career, which is in itself an appeal to the imagination, has proved that wit and genius and imagination — stocks that are not quoted on 'Change — are still powers in the land, and that they *pay* even among a people bent on money-making and indifferent to ideas.

In another way Mr. Disraeli's literary finish has been of immense advantage to the House of Commons. A national assembly ought not to be permitted to become a mere conclave of traders, boisterous in tone and slovenly in grammar. What discipline is to an army, the restraints of orderly speech are to a speaking body. Oratory is the discipline of the senate. Familiarities, colloquialisms, the want of self-respecting reticence, undisciplined discourtesy, deprive debate not only of its dignity but of its usefulness — they inevitably lead to anarchy. To this, twenty-five years ago (the leaders of both parties being slovenly speakers and their followers being mainly recruited from the Stock Exchange and the counting-house) the House of Commons was fast coming. It was necessary that its members should be reminded that the fine weapons employed by the old orators had not lost their cunning, and that wit and ridicule and the fire of genius and the flow of eloquent words were still potent auxiliaries in human affairs. It is generally admitted that within the last twenty years the style of speaking in the House of Commons has materially improved; and I am confident that much of this improvement is to be attributed to Mr. Disraeli, and to that finished and animated series of orations which revolutionized our party life.

It is difficult to determine whether Mr. Disraeli's best work (looked at merely from a critical and literary point of view) is to be found in his speeches or in his books — whether he is a writer who has accidentally turned speaker or a speaker who has accidentally turned writer. I have never greatly admired the early Protectionist speeches in which he assailed Sir Robert: they are splendidly impertinent and audacious, and we know that Sir Robert did not like them;

but the invective is laboured, and the irony is not incisive but simply savage. The picture altogether is as black as one of Rembrandt's etchings; the delicate tints, the natural play of light and shadow having been omitted. There are many scenes and dialogues and characters in the novels that are vastly superior to this portrait of Sir Robert, much as it was applauded in its day; but I do not think there is anything, even in *Coningsby*, quite equal to the airy quizzing, the refined and brilliant *chaff*, the gentlemanly and good-humoured banter of Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, Sir Charles Wood, and other House of Commons men whose names are passing away, which is to be found in Mr. Disraeli's later speeches. Caricatures more or less, no doubt, but caricatures by a man who has a naturally fine eye for the nicest traits of character. They are wonderfully true, and yet to some extent ideal, like the cartoons that Richard Doyle used to contribute in the old days to *Punch*. Let any idle admirer of Mr. Disraeli collect the lightly-touched, wittily-conceived sketches which may be gleaned from the speeches delivered by the leader of the Opposition between 1848 and 1858, and he will bring together a striking gallery of historical portraits, far more true to the life than historical portraits commonly are.

It has been the fashion all along to speak slightly of Mr. Disraeli's novels. He himself confessed in the preface to the fifth edition of *Coningsby* — "It was not originally the intention of the writer to adopt the form of fiction as the instrument to scatter his suggestions, but, after reflection, he resolved to avail himself of a method which, in the temper of the times, offered the best chance of influencing opinion."

That ingenious writer, Dr. Dionysius Diamond, founding upon this observation, and replying to a critic who had said that there was more flesh and blood in one of the Waverley novels than in the whole of Mr. Disraeli's, has observed in his treatise on *Forgotten Masterpieces* :—

True; but Disraeli wrote *Coningsby*, and *Sibyl*, and *Tancred* not to limn a character, but to ventilate a creed and create a party. We must not, therefore, judge his novels as we judge those of our ordinary novel-writers. We do not ask, Is this a first-rate romance? but, Has it served the cause it was written to serve? When that cause has triumphed it may be put away. When the enemy is wounded to death the weapon may be hung up in the banquet-hall. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." A perfect piece of art — an Apollo or a Cymbeline — has a right to endure upon the earth while time endures. It

draws its life from a perennial spring. Unlike fashion, it never grows old. The coat, the cloak, the ruffles of this year are out of date next year. Founded on no large principles, drawing their nourishment from the fancy of the zaloon and the caprice of the boudoir only, they perish with the fancy and the caprice. Thus it is with the logic of the lawyer and the eloquence of the statesman; and thus it is with the poem, the drama, the picture, when these are used as instruments to enforce the politics of the hour. Immortal forms rush into the battle, and are stricken and perish like mortals. But the contest at least becomes exciting when the gods mingle with men; when wit, and wine, and storied song, and the fire of genius are used for the common purposes of life—to plant a party in power, to hurl a demagogue into the dirt out of which he sprang, to scathe a political charlatan. True, genius so employed must quickly die, but let no vain moan be made over its ashes. The fleeting satire serves its end, and rounds its orb as well as the severe and lofty epic. The politician who writes a poem to bespatter his rival does not care that it should survive the fall of the Minister. *Coningsby* is dead, but Mr. Disraeli is Chancellor of the Exchequer. Sometimes, indeed, the ephemera do not die with the day; sometimes the brightest sparks are struck out in that sharp and angry collision; sometimes a trifle, lighted by the electric fire, survives the annals of an empire. The Attic salt preserves them fresh and green, and the nicknames of Aristophanes survive when the Phidian "Zeus" has perished.

It seems to me that Dr. Diamond is rather too frank in his admissions. It is true that Mr. Disraeli's novels are in one sense brilliant essays on politics: but it is equally true that they are first-rate romances, abounding in amusing narrative, in sparkling dialogue, in vivid delineations of life. The reputation that they are political is of course against them: the most ardent readers of romance are not, as a rule, ardent politicians: and it is difficult to persuade the public that a man who writes a novel which is avowedly political can be at once witty and wise. But the truth is that (apart altogether from the political philosophy which they propound) *Coningsby*, *Sibyl*, *Tancred*, and the others, abound in passages that are worthy of Congreve or Sheridan, and that have as fair a claim to immortality as the best passages in *The Double Dealer* or *The School for Scandal*.

It was not to be expected, indeed, that such novels could attain a popularity equal to, or of the kind enjoyed by, the writings of Mr. Dickens, Mr. Thackeray, or Sir Walter Scott. Dickens and Thackeray are essentially social writers, whereas the interest which Mr. Disraeli excites is to a great extent an intellectual interest only.

They deal with men as such—he deals with men chiefly on the political side. Their compass is as wide as the reach of human joy or human misery; his are to a certain extent class-novels—the books of the privileged caste who minister before the ark of the Constitution, and which require a glossary for the uninitiated. *Henrietta Temple*, indeed, is the finest of love-stories, and will be read by those who are in love, and by those who have been in love, with endless enjoyment. But the three great novels—*Coningsby*, *Sibyl*, *Tancred*—are mainly political; the social sketches, though inimitable as sketches, being kept in strict subordination to the delineations of political life and political character and thought.

Regarding these novels in a more closely critical spirit, I should be disposed to say that they display marked intellectual intrepidity, and an unusually fine insight into character—daring speculation and Dutch-like observation—clothed in apt, delicate, and felicitous language. In such terms a critic would be inclined to characterize certain of Bolingbroke's writings—such as his description of the Pretender's Court at Commerce—and in truth there is considerable resemblance between Mr. Disraeli and the "all accomplished" St. John. Some of Bolingbroke's sketches of character are almost as incisive as Mr. Disraeli's; and the declamatory invective of both has seldom been rivalled—an invective which never degenerates into the language of scolding, but is tranquil and discriminating even in its passion. St. John's speculative faculty was as told as Disraeli's; both of them delight in those mental feats which are the amusement of men who are partly poets and partly logicians. Perfectly fearless and perfectly frank, they try conclusions without being a bit afraid of breaking their necks. All this is due to a certain large and tolerant habit of mind—the imperial as distinct from the parochial temper. To such a mind the idea of renouncing our colonial empire, for instance, simply because the connection is occasionally troublesome and burdensome, must be utterly contemptible. Mr. Disraeli is too fond of epigram to make an absolutely philosophical writer; but there is an immense deal of really striking thinking in his writings. His detractors are constantly exclaiming, "This is a paradox"—which is true perhaps; but then it is paradox which could have been started only by a man of real intellectual force. It is the paradox of a highly inventive and self-reliant intellect.

The speculative fearlessness which gives a peculiar charm to these books is the native

language of a character which in the most absolute sense is self-reliant. Of all our politicians, Mr. Disraeli is the only one who has dared to be eccentric. No living man is less under the sway of current influences. The authority of contemporary opinion does not enslave him as it does most of us. From beginning to end of his career he has shown perfect confidence in himself. His earlier works and speeches were characterized by a spirit of serene audacity which, even when most wildly inconsistent, was not wanting in a certain reckless fidelity. *Coningsby*, *Sibyl*, and *Tancred*, are the finished and artistic elaborations of a mature intellect; but they are conceived in a spirit as daring and intrepid. In the earlier an ardent imagination ran riot; in the later the imagination gives animation to the narrative and brilliancy to the invective, but Pegasus is no longer permitted to take the bit between his teeth, and bolt with his rider.

The conception of public life which the political novels were written to enforce was certainly a bold one. Sir Robert Peel was the great man of the time. He was the fountain of political light and wisdom. He had called a Tory Cosmos out of chaos. He was the saviour of English society. Then suddenly, without any warning whatever, young Coningsby rose from the benches behind Gamaliel's back, and unsparingly denounced what he was pleased to term the immorality of his career. Peel's policy of Conservatism is treated in the novels with deliberate scorn—as a sort of transcendental swindle—a gigantic commonplace without a principle or an idea. I have never been of opinion that the assaults upon Sir Robert in Mr. Disraeli's Protectionist speeches belong to the highest order of invective, though they are hardly inferior, after all, to Bolingbroke's famous invectives against Walpole; but nothing in its way can be more perfect than the airy and artful yet unsparing ridicule which in *Coningsby* and *Sibyl* is lavished upon the political tactics with which the name of Peel is identified, not altogether without reason it must be confessed.

After the lapse of thirty years one can still remember the keen zest with which the adorable youthful arrogance of Coningsby and Henry Sydney and Buckhurst was enjoyed at the time.

"By Jove!" said the panting Buckhurst, throwing himself on the sofa, "it was well done; never was anything better done. An immense triumph! The greatest triumph the Conservative cause has had. And yet," he added, laughing, "if any fellow were to ask me what the

Conservative cause is, I am sure I should not know what to say."

"Why, it's the cause of our glorious institutions," said Coningsby. "A crown robbed of its prerogatives; a Church controlled by a commission; and an aristocracy that does not lead."

"Under whose genial influence the order of the peasantry, 'a country's pride,' has vanished from the face of the land," said Henry Sidney. "is succeeded by a race of serfs, who are called labourers, and who burn ricks."

"Under which," continued Coningsby, "the Crown has become a cipher, the Church a sect, the nobility drones, and the people drudges."

"It is the great constitutional cause," said Lord Vere, "that refuses everything to opposition, yields everything to agitation, conservative in Parliament, destructive out of doors; that has no objection to any change provided only it be effected by unauthorized means."

"The first public association of men," said Coningsby, "who have worked for an avowed end without enunciating a single principle."

"And who have established political infidelity throughout the land," said Lord Henry.

"By Jove!" said Buckhurst, "what infernal fools we have made ourselves this last week!"

This is highly epigrammatic; but what, it is often a ked, has the rival policy achieved, what has "Young England" done for us? The taunt coming from a political opponent is certainly fair enough; yet it can hardly be said that a policy, however fantastic, which aimed at making the tone of public life in England less mechanic and more generously intellectual, less sordid and more ideal, was a policy dictated by an altogether unworthy ambition. That ideas should govern nations—not superficial dexterity, not decorous plausibility, not solemn cant—this was the first article in its creed, and there are many articles (even among the Thirty-nine) that could be more advantageously dispensed with.

I have said that there are character-sketches in these novels that would do credit to Congreve or Sheridan, and what may be called the Congreve and Sheridan class are without doubt the best. Taper, Tadpole, Count Mirabel (who is an earlier De Florac), the Emir Fakradeen, Leander the French chef, Lady Firebrace, Mrs. Guy Flouency, young, romantic, speculative Lady Bertie and Bellair, and old Lady Bellair herself, "the prettiest, liveliest, smallest, best-dressed, and oldest little lady in the world" (Mr. Disraeli, by the way, is as successful as Mr. Dickens in finding apt names for his characters) are painted with a force and clearness that could not be surpassed. The club talk between the dandies and the politicians is about as sparkling

dialogue as we have in the language — there is nothing more lively or idiomatic in *Love for Love*. One figure, indeed, is carved in deeper and graver lines than Congreve cared to use — though Lady Wishfort, indeed, in her false, foolish, frivolous, forlorn old age is an almost tragic conception. It must be sorrowfully confessed that Mr. Rigby is inimitable. The character is firmly realized from the outset, and it is worked out with remorseless consistency — a new trait being disclosed in each successive paragraph until the picture of blustering baseness is complete. There is no hesitation or indecision — each touch is clear, cutting, direct, satiric. It deserves to occupy a pedestal in the Temple (or Hospital) of Fame, not far removed from those where stand the sharply-outlined figures on which Ben Jonson expended his industrious animosity and untiring scorn. Mr. Rigby's Review has never forgiven Mr. Rigby's satirist. That Mr. Disraeli should lead the Tory party has appeared to it a surprising and incredible phenomenon, and it has ostentatiously (and perhaps in a party view unnecessarily and disloyally) proclaimed its surprise and incredulity. But are not quite as surprising emotions aroused when we reflect that the literary fortunes of Toryism have been entrusted to a *Quarterly*, in which a Radical extols the Monarchy and a Socinian exalts the Church?

The critics said at the time that in *Tancred* a failure of power was manifest. It has, I think, less sparkle, but more humour. Upon the whole it is to my mind — especially throughout its Eastern scenes (vivid and splendid as an Arabian sky) — the most enjoyable of the series. There is a sort of spiritual riot about that eccentric pilgrimage, and a soft breezy laughter is evolved by the incongruities of Eastern life, which with infinite zest, picturesqueness, and colour, it depicts — its splendour and its squalor, its eternal memories and its petty intrigues, Eva cherishing in solitude the lofty traditions of her race, and Fakradeen living upon the excitement or (perhaps one might say) the interest of his debts.

To return from the past to the present.

*Lothair* is undoubtedly a really amusing and interesting book, but as a literary work it cannot be placed beside *Tancred* or *Sibyl* — for two reasons. We detect, in the first place, the occasional infelicity and unfamiliarity of the pen which has been long laid aside. There have always been curiously immature passages in Mr. Disraeli's books — passages of laboured and tawdry rhetoric, which were brought into unfortunate and undeserved prominence by the airy finish

and eminent exactness of the work in which they were set. But in *Lothair* the *dramatis personæ* themselves are generally unsubstantial and unreal. They are, with a few exceptions, lay-figures without distinct or urgent individuality of any sort, whereas the actors in the earlier books were obviously the productions of a man whose genius was not merely mimetic but finely dramatic — every character in *Coningsby*, for instance, being true to the life, and instinct with vital force. A good deal of the unreality of *Lothair* is due, it may be, to the excessively exalted station in life which the hero and his companions occupy. Mr. Disraeli in his time has made dukes — not on paper merely — and he consequently knows more about dukes than any other literary man. A friend of mine who ventured to introduce a duke into one of his romances, defended himself on the ground that the majority of novel-readers liked to mix with the aristocracy, and that a duke did not cost more than a simple knight or a baron. This is true in a sense; but, on the other hand, a novel composed entirely of dukes is apt to become as monotonous and insipid as a novel composed entirely of archangels would be. The public know that there are dukes as they know that there are archangels, but they hold as little actual intercourse with the one class as with the other. Some interest might be got out of a poor duke, or an improper duke, or a duke who was on the turf, or a duke who swore at his duchess — in the same way that Milton succeeds in interesting us in his rebel archangel; but none of the dukes in *Lothair* have less than 200,000*l.* a-year, all of them are exemplary members of society, who are in the way of going to church two or three days a week, who partake of the Holy Communion at eight o'clock in the morning, and whose talk is as dull as the House of Lords itself. The most lively fancy can make nothing of a duke with 200,000*l.* per annum, with iron in Scotland, and slate in Wales, and a palace in every county in England. Such a sublime creature can afford to dispense with the gifts of the most benevolent story-teller. Like Minerva, he has come into the world armed at all points, and it is impossible to imagine or record the struggles of a hero whose cheques are always honoured, and who keeps the best house, the best horses, and the best wine in town.

The adventures of a young fellow on his way through the world, who starts without a penny in his purse, have been often used in fiction, and must always retain a special interest for the majority of mankind. Of this grand serious interest Mr. Disraeli's

choice of subject necessarily deprives him; and Lothair (even were he capable of any sustained mental exertion) is not permitted to take part in that other, and perhaps stiffer, conflict for which wealth and station do not necessarily disqualify a man, and which is now being fought out around us in this stirring nineteenth century. He is placed among Cardinals, and Monsignores, and Phœbus, and members of Mary Anne societies, who are, after all, the mere eccentricities and excrescences of our intellectual world.

As the men are all noble and wealthy, so the women are all beautiful and faultless. Even their Christian names are not such as belong to common clay: there are Theodoras and Euphrosynes and Alberthas and Corisandes, but no Kates or Jennys. The numerous daughters of the house of Brentham are as like each other as a plateful of peas. Corisande is the Protestant heroine — Clare Arundel is the instrument of Roman intrigue; but the true-blue bigotry of the one is quite as colourless as the elegant asceticism of the other. Both these young persons belong to the class of pretty devotees who are so common now-a-days in either communion, and who have been pleasantly satirized by Jasper Maine in his *City Match* : —

She works religious petticoats; for flowers  
She'll make church-histories; her needle doth  
So sanctify my cushionets, besides  
My smock-sleeves have such holy embroideries,  
And are so learned, that I fear in time  
All my apparel will be quoted by  
Some pure instructor.

She is all fault who hath no fault at all, and these young ladies are much too good for a world which in a moral point of view is rather infirm. A slight spice of the devil is needed to make an angel agreeable or a woman perfect; and we are at the end half inclined to forgive Miss Arundel just because she turns out to be tricky and rather addicted to intrigue. The truth is that after three volumes of Alberthas and Theodoras and Corisandes, the most severely moral reader cannot help exclaiming, "O for one hour of Becky Sharp!"

How does it happen, then, that *Lothair* interests and amuses as it clearly does? The secret lies in its incessant vivacity. It is a bright, gay, cheerful, animated book. Mr. Disraeli has been chancellor of the Exchequer and Prime Minister of England, but he has also been for the last thirty years the best-abused man among us (the press, by the way, in the early political days treated their brother of the quill rather

shabbily), and he might have been forgiven had his last novel been somewhat sadder than its predecessors — had it sought to enforce from a modern point of view the burden of the old complaint, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity and vexation of spirit." As Peel had his Disraeli, so Disraeli has had his Cecil. He is, moreover, no longer young, and scarcely any writer ever relished youth more than Mr. Disraeli did, and still does, as we may gather from what the Princess of Tivoli says to Lothair: "Oh, you have many, many scrapes awaiting you. You may look forward to at least ten years of blunders — that is, illusions — that is, happiness. Fortunate young man!" But Mr. Disraeli at sixty-five is as radiant as Vivian Grey, as sunny as the youthful Apollo. He has survived protection. He is not depressed by Mr. Gladstone's majority. He does not despair of the republic, though the Irish Church is abolished. He has been lectured and hectorated and jeered at and screamed at; and, after all these hard words, he comes up with infinite good humor and a fine tolerance, and quizzes his critics and laughs at his rivals, and is the best of company. Even Mr. Goldwin Smith, who before he left Egypt and entered the Promised Land (where, by the way, the grapes seem somewhat sour) delivered a not altogether complimentary lecture on "Benjamin Disraeli" to provincial audiences, is despatched in half-a-dozen contemptuous sentences. It has been said that our present Prime Minister would be a much greater man if he could laugh at a joke, especially at a joke against himself; but it is clear that "he whom men call Dizzy" possesses this element of greatness, for Mr. Phœbus, who believes in Aryan manners and Aryan culture, is obviously a pleasant caricature of the writer's own early theories about race — theories, indeed, not yet renounced.

The narrative itself is full of movement and adventure. It belongs to what may be called the florid order of literary architecture. I do not know any book with which it could precisely be brought into comparison, except, perhaps, *The Arabian Nights*, or M. Dumas' *Monte Christo*, or Edmond About's *King of the Mountains*. Lothair is nearly caught and killed at a Fenian meeting; he goes through the Garibaldi campaign of 1867; he is desperately wounded at the battle of Mentana; the Holy Virgin herself bears him to Rome, and the ghost of Theodora appears to him in the Colosseum; he gets to Malta in an open fishing boat; he spends a summer with Mr. Phœbus in a Greek island, where a modified paganism



is still enjoyed by the natives; he discourses with a mysterious Syrian on the Mount of Olives, and is embraced by a Turkish pasha in the desert (nothing is heard, alas! of Eva or Fakradeen); yet the pages sparkle with smart allusions which can be appreciated by a Mayfair audience only, and the story closes some time during last autumn! The combination of romantic adventure with the contemporary epigram of the smoking-room and "the impassioned tittle-tattle" of the drawing-room, produces a curious impression — an impression not unlike that which must have been made by the wonderful eyes of Euphrosyne Cantacuzene, in which we are told "mockery blended with Ionian splendour." *Lothair* is the *Arabian Nights* translated into modern romance.

Then the treatment of most of the subordinate characters is extremely felicitous. I am not quite sure what to say of Mrs. Campian — she is very nearly, if not quite, an heroic conception, and the part she takes in the Garibaldi campaign is related with immense spirit and sympathy. But there can be no doubt that Mr. and Mrs. Putney Giles, Mr. Phœbus, and Lord St. Aldegonde are admirable sketches. Mr. Phœbus is a contemporary artist, whose vanity, vivacity, and genius are entirely irrepressible, and who attributes all the evils of modern life to the disturbance of Aryan society and Aryan manners by "Semitic hallucinations." He is introduced to us at Mrs. Campian's.

"ARYAN principles," said Mr. Phœbus; "not merely the study of nature, but of beautiful nature; the art of design in a country inhabited by a first-rate race, and where the laws, the manners, the customs, are calculated to maintain the health and beauty of a first-rate race. In a greater or less degree, these conditions obtained from the age of Pericles to the age of Hadrian in pure Aryan communities, but Semitism began to prevail, and ultimately triumphed. Semitism has destroyed art; it taught man to despise his own body, and the essence of art is to honour the human frame."

"I am afraid I ought not to talk about such things," said Lothair; "but if by Semitism you mean religion, surely the Italian painters inspired by Semitism did something."

"Great things," said Mr. Phœbus; "some of the greatest. Semitism gave them subjects, but the Renaissance gave them Aryan art, and it gave that art to a purely Aryan race. But Semitism rallied in the shape of the Reformation, and swept all away. When Leo the Tenth was pope, popery was pagan; popery is now Christian and art is extinct."

"I cannot enter into such controversies," said Lothair. "Every day I feel, more and more, I am extremely ignorant."

"Do not regret it," said Mr. Phœbus. "What you call ignorance is your strength. By ignorance you mean a want of knowledge of books. Books are fatal; they are the curse of the human race. Nine-tenths of existing books are nonsense, and the clever books are the refutation of that nonsense. The greatest misfortune that ever befel man was the invention of printing. Printing has destroyed education. Art is a great thing, and Science is a great thing; but all that art and science can reveal can be taught by man and by his attributes — his voice, his hand, his eye. The essence of education is the education of the body. Beauty and health are the chief sources of happiness. Men should live in the air; their exercises should be regular, varied, scientific. To render his body strong and supple is the first duty of man. He should develop and completely master the whole muscular system. What I admire in the order to which you belong is that they do live in the air; that they excel in athletic sports; that they can only speak one language; and that they never read. This is not a complete education, but it is the highest education since the Greek."

"What you say I feel encouraging," said Lothair, repressing a smile, "for I myself live very much in the air, and am fond of all sports; but I confess I am often ashamed of being so poor a linguist, and was seriously thinking that I ought to read."

"No doubt every man should combine an intellectual with a physical training," replied Mr. Phœbus; "but the popular conception of the means is radically wrong. Youth should attend lectures on art and science by the most illustrious professors, and should converse together afterwards on what they have heard. They should learn to talk; it is a rare accomplishment, and extremely healthy. They should have music always at their meals. The theatre, entirely remodelled and reformed, and under a minister of state, should be an important element of education. I should not object to the recitation of lyric poetry. That is enough. I would not have a book in the house, or even see a newspaper."

"These are Aryan principles?" said Lothair.

"They are," said Mr. Phœbus; "and of such principles, I believe, a great revival is at hand. We shall both live to see another Renaissance."

He rents a Greek island, and sails about in a yacht named after the great god Pan, and pays his way with golden piastres and Venetian sequins and pearls and precious stones.

"I cannot take you to a banker," said Mr. Phœbus, "for I have none; but I wish you would share my purse. Nothing will ever induce me to use what they call paper money. It is the worst thing that what they call civilization has produced; neither hue nor shape, and

yet a substitute for the richest colour, and, where the arts flourish, the finest forms."

He approves of the Suez Canal for a reason of his own.

The conversation after some rambling had got upon the Suez Canal. Mr. Phœbus did not care for the political or the commercial consequences of that great enterprise, but he was glad that a natural division should be established between the greater races and the Ethiopian. It might not lead to any considerable result, but it asserted a principle. He looked upon that trench as a protest.

He goes to Syria to study the camel.

Mr. Phœbus intensely studied the camel and its habits. He persuaded himself that the ship of the desert entirely understood him. "But it is always so," he added. "There is no animal that in a week does not perfectly comprehend me. Had I time and could give myself up to it, I have no doubt I could make them speak. Nature has endowed me, so far as dumb animals are concerned, with a peculiar mesmeric power."

Lord St. Aldegonde is the best piece of work in the book, and the author obviously dwells upon the portrait with keen relish and real enjoyment. The relations between husband and wife, and the engrossing anxiety of Albertha to prevent her lord and master from being "bored," form a piece of genuine comedy, drawn from the life, and yet treated with an airy, fantastic ideality.

St. Aldegonde was the heir apparent of the wealthiest, if not the most ancient, dukedom in the United Kingdom. He was spoiled, but he knew it. Had he been an ordinary being, he would have merely subsided into selfishness and caprice, but having good abilities and a good disposition, he was eccentric, adventurous, and sentimental. Notwithstanding the apathy which had been engendered by premature experience, St. Aldegonde held extreme opinions, especially on political affairs, being a republican of the reddest dye. He was opposed to all privilege, and indeed to all orders of men, except dukes, who were a necessity. He was also strongly in favour of the equal division of all property, except land. Liberty depended on land, and the greater the landowners, the greater the liberty of a country. He would hold forth on this topic even with energy, amazed at anyone differing from him; "as if a fellow could have too much land," he would urge with a voice and glance which defied contradiction. St. Aldegonde had married for love, and he loved his wife, but he was strongly in favor of woman's rights and their extremest consequences. It was thought that he had originally adopted these latter views with the amiable intention of piquing Lady St. Aldegonde; but if so, he had not succeeded. Beaming with brightness, with the voice and airiness of a bird, and a cloudless temper, Al-

bertha St. Aldegonde had, from the first hour of her marriage, concentrated her intelligence, which was not mean, on one object; and that was never to cross her husband on any conceivable topic. They had been married several years, and she treated him as a darling spoiled child. When he cried for the moon, it was promised him immediately; however irrational his proposition, she always assented to it, though generally by tact and vigilance she guided him in the right direction. Nevertheless, St. Aldegonde was sometimes in scrapes; but then he always went and told his best friend, whose greatest delight was to extricate him from his perplexities and embarrassments.

He goes to Muriel Towers expecting to be bored, but the Campians were there and he is not.

"Hugo," said St. Aldegonde to Mr. Bohun, "I wish you would tell Bertha to come to me. I want her. She is talking to a lot of women at the other end of the room, and, if I go to her, I am afraid they will get hold of me."

The future duchess, who lived only to humour her lord was at his side in an instant. "You wanted me, Granville?"

"Yes; you know I was afraid, Bertha, I should be bored here. I am not bored. I like this American fellow. He understands the only two subjects which interest me—horses and tobacco."

"I am charmed, Granville, that you are not bored; I told mamma that you were very much afraid you would be."

"Yes; but I tell you what, Bertha, I cannot stand any of the ceremonies. I shall go before they begin. Why cannot Lothair be content with receiving his friends in a quiet way? It is all humbug about the county. If he wants to do something for the county, he can build a wing to the infirmary, or something of that sort, and not bore us with speeches and fireworks. It is a sort of thing I cannot stand."

"And you shall not, dear Granville. The moment you are bored, you shall go. Only you are not bored at present."

"Not at present; but I expected to be."

"Yes; so I told mamma; but that makes the present more delightful."

One of the best scenes in which St. Aldegonde figures occurs on the following Sunday morning, and in the presence of a particularly sleek and unctuous bishop of the Anglican Church, who is staying at Muriel.

All the other gentlemen, though their usual morning dresses were sufficiently fantastic—trunk hose of every form, stockings bright as paroquets, wondrous shirts, and velvet coats of every tint—habited themselves to-day, both as regards form and colour, in a style indicative of the subdued gravity of their feelings. Lord St. Aldegonde had on his shooting jacket of brown velvet and a pink shirt and no cravat, and his

rich brown locks, always to a certain degree neglected, were peculiarly dishevelled.

Hugo Bohun, who was not afraid of him and was a high churchman, being in religion and in all other matters always on the side of the Duchesses, said, "Well, St. Aldegonde, are you going to chapel in that dress?" But St. Aldegonde would not answer; he gave a snort and glanced at Hugo with the eye of a gladiator.

The meal was over. The Bishop was standing near the mantel-piece talking to the ladies who were clustered round him; the Archdeacon and the Chaplain and some other clergy a little in the background; Lord St. Aldegonde, who, whether there was a fire or not, always stood with his back to the fireplace with his hands in his pockets, moved discourteously among them, assumed his usual position, and listened, as it were grimly, for a few moments to their talk; then he suddenly exclaimed in a loud voice, and with the groan of a rebellious Titan, "How I hate Sunday!"

"Granville!" exclaimed Lady St. Aldegonde, turning pale. There was a general shudder.

"I mean in a country-house," said Lord St. Aldegonde. "Of course I mean in a country-house. I do not dislike it when alone, and I do not dislike it in London. But Sunday in a country-house is infernal."

"I think it is now time for us to go," said the Bishop, walking away with dignified reserve; and they all dispersed.

By the time the service is over he has recovered his temper.

"Bertha," he said, "you know I did not mean anything personal to the Bishop in what I said. I do not like Bishops; I think there is no use in them; but I have no objection to him personally; I think him an agreeable man; not at all a bore. Just put it right, Bertha. But I tell you what, Bertha, I cannot go to church here. Lord Culloden does not go, and he is a very religious man. He is the man I most agree with on these matters. I am a free churchman, and there is an end of it. I cannot go this afternoon. I do not approve of the whole thing. It is altogether against my conscience. What I mean to do, if I can manage it, is to take a real long walk with the Campians."

This is certainly immensely good; there is the ease, felicity, and certainty of true art, and I doubt whether there is anything in the humorous way quite so mellow even in *Tancred*.

The descriptive passages, though occasionally florid, are in general highly pictorial. No one is so good as Mr. Disraeli at portraying the features, internal and external, of the great country houses where our wealthy nobles dwell —

An English home —  
A haunt of ancient peace!

*Contarini Fleming* is a brilliant guide-

book to the great cities of the south, and some of the Italian bits of landscape in *Lothair* are finely touched. This is a ride through the Apennines:

There is nothing so animating, so invigorating alike to body and soul, so truly delicious, as travelling among mountains in the early hours of the day. The freshness of nature falls upon a responsive frame, and the nobility of the scene discards the petty thoughts that pester ordinary life. So felt Captain Muriel, as with every military precaution he conducted his little troop and his precious charge among the winding passes of the Apennines; at first dim in the matin twilight, then soft with incipient day, then coruscating with golden flashes. Sometimes they descended from the austere heights into the sylvan intricacies of chestnut forests; amid the rush of waters and the fragrant stir of ancient trees; and then again ascending to lofty summits, ranges of interminable hills, grey or green, expanded before them, with ever and anon a glimpse of plains, and sometimes the splendour and the odour of the sea.

This is the Campagna:

The open country extending from the Apennines to the very gates of Rome, and which they had now to cross, was in general a desert; a plain clothed with a coarse vegetation, and undulating with an interminable series of low and uncouth mounds, without any of the grace of form which always attends the disposition of nature. Nature had not created them. They were the offspring of man and time, and of their rival powers of destruction. Ages of civilization were engulfed in this drear expanse. They were the tombs of empires and the sepulchres of contending races. The Campagna proper has at least the grace of aqueducts to break its monotony, and everywhere the cerulean spell of distance; but in this grim solitude antiquity has left only the memory of its violence and crimes, and nothing is beautiful except the sky.

This is Rome:

Below and before them, on an undulating site, a city of palaces and churches spread out its august form, enclosing within its ample walls sometimes a wilderness of classic ruins — column and arch and theatre — sometimes the umbrageous spread of the superstitious gardens. A winding and turbid river divided the city in unequal parts, in one of which there rose a vast and glorious temple, crowned with a dome of almost superhuman size and skill, on which the favourite sign of heaven flashed with triumphant truth.

Here is a rich evening sky treated with dramatic effect:

The clouds of a summer eve were glowing in the creative and flickering blaze of the vanished sun, that had passed like a monarch from the admiring sight, yet left his pomp behind. The golden and amber vapours fell into forms that

to the eye of the musing Lothair depicted the objects of his frequent meditation. There seemed to rise in the horizon the dome and campaniles and lofty aisles of some celestial fane, such as he had often more than dreamed of raising to the revealed author of life and death. Altars arose and sacred shrines, and delicate chantries and fretted spires; now the flashing phantom of heavenly choirs, and then the dim response of cowed and earthly cenobites:

"These are black Vesper's pageants!"

The old epigrammatic faculty is still as bright and keen as ever. Before a notice in a Monthly can appear, the volumes will be pretty nearly gutted by the sharks of the daily and weekly press; but, so far as I have seen, some of the best class of epigrams — those where wit and imagination combine — have hitherto escaped notice.

The small round breakfast tables at Brentham suggest the early republics: —

The walls of the chamber were covered with bright drawings and sketches of our modern masters, and frames of interesting miniatures, and the meal was served on half a dozen or more round tables, which vied with each other in grace and merriment; brilliant as a cluster of Greek or Italian republics, instead of a great metropolitan table, like a central government absorbing all the genius and resources of the society.

Effect of climate on religion: —

"The religious sentiment of the Southern races must be wonderfully affected by a more rigorous climate," said Apollonia. "I cannot doubt," she continued, "that a series of severe winters at Rome might put an end to Romanism."

"But is there any fear that a reciprocal influence might be exercised on the Northern nations?" inquired Lothair. "Would there be any apprehension of our Protestantism becoming proportionately relaxed?"

"Of course not," said Apollonia. "Truth cannot be affected by climate. Truth is truth alike in Palestine and Scandinavia."

St. James's Square: —

St. James's Square may be looked upon as our Faubourg St. Germain, and a great patrician residing there dwells in the heart of that free and noble life of which he ought to be a part.

Vaux: —

Vaux, the seat of the St. Jeromes, was the finest specimen of the old English residence extant. It was the perfection of the style, which had gradually arisen after the wars of the Roses had alike destroyed all the castles and the purpose of those stern erections. People said Vaux looked like a college; the truth is, colleges looked like Vaux, for when those fair and civil build-

ings rose, the wise and liberal spirits who endowed them intended that they should resemble as much as possible the residence of a great noble.

The Cardinal on a perplexed Church: —

"But the Church is perplexed; it is ambiguous, contradictory."

"No, no," said the Cardinal; "not the Church of Christ; it is never perplexed, never ambiguous, never contradictory. Why should it be? How could it be? The Divine persons are ever with it, strengthening and guiding it with perpetual miracles. Perplexed Churches are Churches made by Act of Parliament, not by God."

Protestantism and Catholicism: —

In a truly religious family there would always be a Father Coleman or a Monsignore Catesby, to guide, and to instruct. But a Protestant, if he wants aid or advice in any matter, can only go to his solicitor.

Fenian conspiracies: —

"I have just returned from Ireland where I thought I would go and see what they really are after. No real business in them. Their treason is a fairy tale, and their sedition a child talking in its sleep."

A ladies' council: —

The gentlemen of the smoking-room have it not all their own way quite as much as they think. If, indeed, a new school of Athens were to be pictured, the sages and the students might be represented in exquisite dressing-gowns, with slippers rarer than the lost one of Cinderella, and brandishing beautiful brushes over tresses still more fair. Then is the time when characters are never more finely drawn, or difficult social questions more accurately solved; knowledge without reasoning and truth without logic — the triumph of intuition! But we must not profane the mysteries of Bona Dea.

But what of the moral? the severer sort of reader enquires. I suspect that Mr. Disraeli would be inclined to reply with the poet, What moral lies in being fair? and I confess that I have been unable to discover any specifically moral (or immoral) purpose in the book. Critics exist, however, who can see through a mill-stone. There is Rome on the one hand and Revolution on the other, and the only way, it appears, by which a young fellow can keep clear of Scylla or Charybdis is to get Mr. Phœbus to take him to a Greek island where Aryan institutions still exist in a modified shape. The *Daily News* informs us (by telegraph)\* that *Lothair* has been designed with con-

\* As a proof of the interest created by the publication of *Lothair*, it may be mentioned that full abstracts of the reviews in all the morning journals

summate skill to benefit the Conservative party by (as I understand) inculcating the above moral. Whether this be true or not, it is quite clear that Mr. Disraeli is much impressed by the progress which Romanism is making in England. A man who, like Hugo Bohun, is on the side of the Duchesses could not well fail to be so. Half our Duchesses are in Rome already; the other half are flaming Ritualists, and Ritualism is Rome in multi. It needs all Lord Culloeden's good old-fashioned Scotch sense —

"And as for you, my boy, they will be telling you that it is only just this and just that, and there's no great difference, and what not; but I tell you that if once you embrace the Scarlet Lady you are a tainted corpse. You'll not be able to order your dinner without a priest, and they will ride your best horses without saying with your leave or by your leave" —

and all Theodora's lofty scorn for those who bring about "the religious mystification of man" — to keep poor Lothair out of the hands of the Jesuits. Lothair is not a very strong character perhaps; but we have only to look around us to see that Rome is regaining the intellectual allegiance as well as the devout regard of too many of our countrymen and countrywomen — not in the patrician class alone. It is a grave political evil that such a change should be taking place, and Mr. Disraeli has done good service by placing the fact in a striking light before our eyes. Sometimes his sketch rather verges on burlesque, as when he attributes the formation of the United Presbyterian Church in Scotland to the intrigues of the Papacy. So far as I know, there is only one "U. P." in the Commons — the member for Edinburgh; and Mr. Duncan McLaren must have become a most unconscionable bore before he could have driven so tranquil and tolerant a man as Mr. Disraeli to relieve his feelings in this somewhat wild fashion.

Mr. Winterbotham, the ablest representative of Protestant nonconformity in Parliament, assures us that he is not alarmed by the progress of Romanism in this country. "He could not conceive," he told the House of Commons during a debate which took place on the day that *Lothair* was published (May 2) —

He could not conceive how a sober-minded man reading the signs of the times could think that Roman Catholicism was making its way in this country. The whole thought of the country was in far other directions; tradition and the history

of the past were altogether out of harmony with it, and the whole out-look of the nation's future was in other quarters. How many doctors, lawyers, merchants, mechanics, or artisans were ever heard of as becoming Roman Catholics? The converts were women, parsons, and peers. (Loud laughter and cheering, continuing for some time.)

I am sorry that I cannot quite share the confidence which Mr. Winterbotham expresses. Peers, parsons, and women are a formidable power — especially when animated by a fanatical conviction or an engrossing idea. To say that the professional classes do not furnish converts to the priests is to say little: the professional class, it is to be feared — our shopkeepers, our traders, our attorneys, our merchants, our artisans — is not a class over which ideas exercise any very considerable sway. It follows — it does not lead, and in any intellectual movement it is comparatively weak and uninfluential. The ideas which have taken possession of the peers, the parsons, and the women may be extremely silly; but there is strength in ideas, however foolish, which needs to be broken by a stronger force than the expressed or unexpressed contempt of the mere man of business. The only other *idead* class in this country at this time is the scientific class, and the scientific class appear to regard all religious ideas with equal indifference, not to say aversion. This class embodies, no doubt, an earnest and almost arrogant force of conviction; but, looking to the mass of mankind, if it come to the conflict between Rome and a purely scientific party, Rome, I should be inclined to fear, will triumph. The great undead class will side with Rome rather than with Science.

The Catholic Church, it must be constantly kept in mind, has many attractions. Besides material and spiritual attractions, besides gorgeous ceremonial and a visible basis of authority, she has recently offered us, in Dr. Newman's work, what assumes to be the strongest intellectual food. Never was a Protestant theology — a theology constructed on the basis of Christian experience and the human conscience — more urgently needed. Such a volume will be the Institute of the age, and it will be a volume from which the mere arbitrary traditions — "the beggarly elements" — of Protestantism will be excluded. *The Grammar of Assent* — to me, by reason of the logical splendour and intellectual havoc which it discloses, one of the most interesting and distressing of books — has been completed and given to a perplexed and bewildered world; we wait now for the scientific and

were telegraphed to the provinces during the forenoon — an almost unprecedented fact, I should fancy.



rational Protestant manifesto — *The Grammar of Dissent*. Lord St. Aldegonde could not see the use of bishops; but a bishop who could rise to the height of the great argument which justifies Luther and Melancthon and Calvin and John Knox and Burleigh and Walsingham would be worth his salt.

From The Spectator.

#### THE NEW ORDER IN COUNCIL.

CLASS Government has received another severe blow. The first effect of the Order in Council signed by the Queen on Saturday, throwing open the whole Civil Service of Great Britain to competition as unlimited as that by which the Indian Services are filled, is to deprive all candidates for State employment of every adventitious advantage. From 31st August next, no Peer's son, or Member's son, or influential constituent's son, no well-born, or wealthy, or powerful man's relative, no youngster who has distinguished himself at College, no boy who can plead his father's services to the country, will have the smallest preferential claim to enter the civil service of the State. He must win an entrance as a prize after a severe intellectual contest in which he may be distanced by an unknown workman's son, and will nine times out of ten be distanced by members of the class for whose especial benefit examinations would seem to have been originally invented,—the sons of the cultivated poor, of the clergymen, civilians, officers, and small gentry who give their children no provision except an education altogether out of proportion to their means, and, according to the ideas of the old world, to their proper rank in society. These lads have every point in the contest in their favour. They have the readiness in acquiring knowledge which comes of hereditary culture, and which the sons of the uneducated lack; and have the stimulus to use it wanting to the rich; they study for their bread, are when competing with rich men's sons as artists contending with amateurs; and they have means of education formerly enjoyed only by the rich, and even now entirely out of the reach of the very poor. From the moment the Order begins to operate, the administration of all public offices will begin to be transferred, as in Germany, to the professorial class; and although the bureaux are not with us as powerful as they are upon the Continent, the influence on our political course, and on the success of our internal policy, is still

very great. The Colonies are governed, the civil departments of the Army are administered, the revenue is collected, and the business of Parliament is initiated by the "Offices," which henceforward will be filled by men impartially selected from the whole body of the people, — from six millions of male adults, instead of from sixty thousand. The whole educated intellect of the country in every grade is placed at the service of the State. Despite the effect of the comparatively new system now superseded in weeding the claimants for office, the blow to the political class, aristocratic and otherwise, will be severe, and the boon to the educated poor without political influence proportionately great. They will get what their social superiors lose; and in thousands, scores of thousands, of middle-class homes, the air will this week seem lighter because of the Order signed by the Queen on Saturday last, while throughout the country the higher education will have received a new and indefinitely powerful impulsion. Of all motive forces, the most irresistible is the love of that knowledge which is at once pleasure and gain.

The political change is a great one, if only because it introduces every class into the Administration, and thus interests every class in a political organization which hitherto they have scarcely attempted to study, and have never seriously attempted to mould, and it is one which had for some time been unavoidable. The existing system was an intermediary one, and united, as so many compromises do, all the evils of the alternative systems,—open competition and individual patronage. That the latter is in the theory the better system, the one calculated to draw the best men into the service of the State, no experienced politician, Tory or Liberal, aristocrat or *novus homo*, has ever attempted to deny. No scheme which the wit of man can devise for selecting competent civil servants or public servants of any kind, could seem equal to selection by an able man capable of judging the candidates' characters, and using his prerogative with a single eye to the public good. The very fact that he is a patron ought to make him also in some sense Mentor, help to give a family character to the department, and immensely increase the weight of his official position, — always in itself an advantage to a community which needs to be strongly led. Great officials in England have not too much, but too little, influence upon the mass of those whose breath is their support. On the other hand, no system of selection could *primâ facie* seem more absurd than one which tested

every qualification except the all-important one, force of character, which set aside hatchets in favour of razors for jungle-clearing, and which assumed that because a lad knew his lessons he was competent to govern men. The theory of the thing was all in favour of selection, but, unfortunately or fortunately, it was only a theory. The patrons were human beings liable to human temptations, and the temptation of human patrons to use patronage as a property instead of a trust, to reward friends and conciliate foes, and secure State ends, and do personal kindnesses, at the expense of their own convictions and the people, has proved in all countries irresistible. Ministerial flesh and blood could not resist the pressure put upon it. Setting the claims of friends altogether aside, — to many men an easy thing, — was a great reform to be postponed because a necessary supporter's nephew was an ass, or a measure misrepresented because an orator's cousin had been expelled from Oxford? Every lad who seemed too stupid for any other career was pushed into the service of the State, till the departments were filled with men whom private employers would have carefully rejected, while patrons, regarding State service simply as a provision of which they had a right to dispose, bound supporters to themselves by giving salaries to their sons, which in their effect on the Administration were worse than sinecures. The former evil was corrected by the system established in 1860, but not the latter. The competitive examination among the three candidates nominated to every vacancy prevented the entrance of imbeciles into the departments; but it did not secure force of character in the favoured, and it rather increased the pressure on politicians. The Member of Parliament found that he could oblige three constituents with nominations, where he formerly obliged one with an appointment, and relying on the examiners to winnow the field, was relieved of all personal trouble in selection. If his friends were fools they were beaten, if not they succeeded, and in either case their fathers were grateful for the chance. The Minister could not appoint the man he thought fit on his own responsibility, yet the fittest man could not show his fitness without the Minister's consent, which was given, as in old days, only to those who could make political pressure felt. The examination was an intellectual trial sufficient to exclude men gifted only with capacity to govern, yet it was limited to a sort of family party of Ministers' friends, for two-thirds of whom it was impossible the Minister should care, and for none of

whom had he any better guarantee than under the system of open competition. On the other hand, experience had shown that most of the evils ascribed to open competition were imaginary. Power, to begin with, did not fall to "low" men, for the examination, if it proved nothing else, proved unusual culture, and unusual culture and "lowness" of the deprecated kind are inconsistent. The farrier's or tailor's son who wins in that intellectual game is, with rare exceptions, perforce a gentleman. Many candidates, no doubt, might lack force of character, but the failures from that deficiency were fewer than under the old *régime* — ambition being a better test of force than interest — while, strangely enough, the superiority in physique was decidedly with the gladiators who selected themselves for battle. The fight is too hot for "weedy bookworms" to monopolize its rewards. It was clear that the only objection to a revolution was the wrath it might create among the "influential," and as after 1869 that fear disappeared, as the representative of the householders found his privilege of choice among so many a nuisance and an embarrassment, the adoption of unlimited competition as the one method of entrance to the public service became only a question of time. The Ministry, sympathizing with the new system, found time to carry it out, and the Order in Council will be as effective as an Act. We doubt if the House of Commons will venture seriously to discuss it, and are quite certain that any member who seriously opposed it would be required at the next election to produce special reasons for retaining his seat. The electors understand perfectly well that the Order concedes power to them, and although they might have been contented without it, yet having received it, they will never give it up. For this generation, at least, the tools are placed in the workman's hands.

The Foreign Office, though not exempted from the Order, has been permitted to exempt itself, but if it is wise, it will compromise in time with the foes who will soon be swarming round. A policy of no-surrender is absurd, but the chiefs of the department can put forward two statesmanlike arguments for exclusiveness. The *employés* of the Foreign Office abroad are compelled to live as men with their bread to earn cannot live, and it is most inexpedient to run the risk of expelling the rich from the service of the State, as open competition of necessity expels them. They can no more contend with men who have on them the impulse of hunger, than an amateur cricketer would contend with Lillywhite. Both these

arguments will in the present state of opinion be acknowledged, and if the Office will throw their doors open, and allow 50 marks in the 100 for the possession of independent means, they will be able to preserve all they think worth preserving, namely, a tone among their men such as is acceptable to foreign good society. If instead of making this or some equivalent concession with a good grace, they persist in maintaining selection, they will within ten years either see their system swept finally away, and the profession superseded, as in America, by literary men, or the Office recast, as the best paid branch of the Civil Service, and therefore the goal towards which every man without fortune, family, or influence will be straining himself to strive.

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From The Saturday Review.

THE decree which Mr. Gladstone has issued in the name of the Privy Council curiously illustrates the casual nature of the distribution of power between the Crown or the Minister and the Parliament which is supposed to be omnipotent. While changes of the most trivial kind can only be effected by an elaborate process of legislation, a Prime Minister with a safe majority at his back has in this instance introduced a revolution into the whole administrative organization of the kingdom. Mr. Gladstone can give his opinion or croquet the force of law without reference to any other authority. A few years since the Minister of the day was only defeated by the resolute opposition of the House of Lords in an attempt to introduce, by the exercise of the prerogative, a still graver constitutional change. The same secure political position which enables Mr. Gladstone to establish the Chinese system in England renders it unnecessary for him to consider the possible objections of his followers. The appointments which have been distributed by the Secretary of the Treasury to the supporters of Government will henceforth be unavailable for the purposes of elections. The change will be less keenly felt by constituents, because nominations have already been diminished in value by the system of limited competition. If Mr. Gladstone had consulted past and present Ministers and permanent heads of departments he would have received little encouragement in his project; but it has always been his habit to act on impulse and theory; and perhaps his imagination is

gratified by the destruction of a system which might be regarded by purists as corrupt. It is not impossible that his Order in Council may ultimately produce a greater effect in America than in England. The supporters of Mr. Jenckes's Bill, which corresponds closely to Mr. Gladstone's decree, will argue with much force that a plan which is applied to a pure public service in England is far more urgently required in a country where politicians are universally despised and exclusively entrusted with administrative functions. A system of competition would, by the mere exclusion of dishonest nominees of parties, add millions to the revenue of the United States, and at the same time it would destroy or mitigate a flagrant scandal. Mr. Jenckes's opponents who say that his Bill is aristocratic may be well assured that Mr. Gladstone intends competition to operate for the advancement of democracy.

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From The Spectator.

#### M. OLLIVIER'S POSITION.

It is settled that Napoleon is to reign, and that the nominee Chamber, elected under a different constitution and through official influence, is to continue in existence. The Plébiscite decided the first point, for whether the people re-established "personal power" or not, they confirmed the Emperor in the possession of the great powers reserved to him by the Constitution; and the Emperor himself has decided the second. The points, therefore, for the constitutionalist to observe are the extent of authority which a Chamber thus discredited and, so to speak, superseded by a mass vote nevertheless retains to itself, and the direction in which it is disposed to exercise the power it preserves. The former would seem from recent incidents to be more considerable than was expected immediately after the Plébiscite, considerable enough, at all events, to shake the Ministry. On June 4, for example, during the discussion of a Bill reforming the Councils-General, or Departmental Parliaments, M. Clément Duvernois interpolated an amendment demanding that the proceedings of Councillors should be "reported," like those of the Legislative Chamber. His motion, which was exceedingly liberal, as it imposes on the Councillors a responsibility to opinion, was opposed by M. Ollivier, on the ground that he wished to consult the Councils on the subject, but M. Clément Duvernois pressed on, and a division was taken, which

left the Government in a most humiliating position. The Right, which hates M. Ollivier as a Bonapartist of the morrow, the Right Centre, which distrusts him as too liberal, the Left Centre, which does not love him for his conduct about the Plébiscite, and besides approves of decentralization, and the Left, which is always for publicity, coalesced for a moment, and the all-powerful Premier only obtained 18 votes against 197 recorded for his enemies. As the Ministers voted in the minority, M. Ollivier's personal following in the Chamber would seem to be almost nothing. M. Clément Duvernois then moved that the speeches uttered in the Council should be reported with the speakers' names, and this also was resisted by M. Ollivier, who, perceiving that the vote was directed against himself, called upon his friends for support. The Left Centre responded, partly to protect M. Ollivier, partly suspicious of M. Clément Duvernois, and the Government was beaten only by 117 to 83; but still it was beaten, and felt, as Baron David subsequently said, that it had "received a first warning." M. Ollivier, chagrined to the last degree and probably alarmed, for good management in the Chamber is one of his claims to the Emperor's favour, resolved to obtain a vote of confidence. M. de Bethmont had a question put down for Monday asking the Government whether they intended to bring in a bill authorizing public meetings before the election of Councils-General, and M. Ollivier took advantage of the opportunity to explain his position. He was not going to remain Minister to be constantly beaten. His Cabinet was "the Cabinet of 2nd January," that is, Parliamentary; his resignation would strengthen Parliamentary institutions, by proving that the Chamber could overthrow Ministers; his security of support from the Chamber had been shaken by recent votes, and unless the Chamber rejected the interpellation by adopting the order of the day he must resign. The speech created an extraordinary uproar, the majority resenting it as an attempt to dictate; while Baron David, the orator of the Right, declared that his party *did* lack confidence in the Ministry, which was a mere "Ministry of indecision," neither autocratic nor liberal, that he should vote with a Government he absolutely distrusted, only because such a vote would show how hollow was the Minister's majority. In spite of a spirited appeal from M. Ollivier, who flatly refused support from the Right, the sardonic vote of confidence was unanimously carried, and all excuse for resignation torn away.

All this is bad for M. Ollivier, who, in-

deed, seems in his vacillating vanity to have forfeited support from every side, and to hold power only while he is convenient to the Emperor, but we are not so sure that it is bad for Parliamentary government. On the contrary, we suspect that it is good. His weakness may prove to be the Chamber's strength. It may be, as Paris will have it, that M. Clément Duvernois knew that a blow to the Premier would be acceptable at the Tuileries, and that Baron David had a quiet hint not to outvote the Minister too soon, and that the Left Centre was more indisposed to risk the return of M. Rouher than disposed to pardon M. Ollivier; but nevertheless the Chamber during one debate did possess, visibly possess, the power of dismissing the Ministry. It did not, it may be, possess also the power of nominating his successor, for the Constitution leaves that to the Emperor; but the power of dismissal once established by precedent, the possibility of a vote of no confidence once admitted, the Minister, whoever he is, must bend more or less to Parliamentary will. It is not yet twelve months since the mere idea of a hostile vote in the Chamber would have seemed treasonable, nor three years since M. Rouher, when asked what the Government would do if the majority in the Chamber were ever hostile, refused to consider so impossible a situation. The Parliamentary régime, which seemed so near, has been postponed by the Plébiscite, but the Chamber has not been flung back to the position it occupied before the interpellation of the 116. The change since the last election is enormous, even if the Chamber is at heart more Conservative than the Ministry, for a popular assembly if it can once obtain power is sure to feel the impression of popular opinion, sure sooner or later to exalt its own authority above that of all other powers within the State. It is the nation or nothing, even when, like the nation, it elects to submit to Napoleon III.

There is, however, little reason to believe that the Chamber is Conservative in any English sense, or, indeed, in any intelligible sense at all. Its opinions are still indefinite, for since its election serious legislation, which has been diminished in amount throughout Napoleon's reign, has been almost at a standstill; but there is a violent presumption that it desires, as far as may be, to reflect the opinions of the electorate. It was in obedience to the wishes, real or supposed, of the electors, that the majority demanded the abrogation of personal power; out of obedience to them that they supported the first free Ministry; and through obedience to them that they must

seek to efface the original defect in their own title, the compulsion exercised during the last election. The electors, it seems certain, though willing to support the dynasty, as they proved during the Plébiscite, are not desirous of reaction, or restricting liberty, or of punishing opposition more severely than at present. A reactionary policy would be unpopular, and without a reactionary policy a Chamber strong enough to unseat Ministers is pretty sure to accrete to itself a large measure of power. Even, therefore, if M. Rouher returned to office, we doubt if it would be to play precisely the old rôle, to order laws to be passed, or to put an end to all reality of discussion. He would rather employ his undoubted talent for Parliamentary management in convincing the majority, and conciliate by granting all liberties not inconsistent with the position in the Government which the Emperor seems determined to maintain,—a position which bears a close though not quite a perfect analogy to that of the American President. Even M. Rouher could not, for instance, replace M. Haussmann, or wholly suppress the freedom of the Press, or re-enact the Law of Public Safety, or carry out preparations for a war in total silence. He must retain some sort of accord with the Chamber, an accord of opinion as well as of votes, under penalty of some day encountering a vote which the Emperor could not disregard without a *coup d'état*. The Empire is "ameliorated," if not controlled, by the Representative Body, and though the gain to true freedom may not be much, still it is worth something. That M. Ollivier is weak is certain, but his weakness may not be all gain to his master's personal power.

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From The Spectator.

#### KING-MAKING IN SPAIN.

It would be difficult to imagine a scene more *bizarre*, more nearly approaching the grotesque, than that which is now transacting itself in Madrid. The representatives of the people of Spain are there trying to bind themselves by law to evolve a king from the depths of their moral consciousness. The Throne of Spain, once so great, has been rejected by prince after prince,—by the experienced old politician Ferdinand of Coburg, by the boy Duke of Aosta, by the venerable old soldier General Espartero, and, it is believed, by the old but not venerable Regent Serrano. On the other hand, the princes who are willing to accept the Crown—Don Carlos, the representative

of the ancient Bourbon line; the Duke de Montpensier, heir of the Orleanist traditions; the Infante Alphonso, who would have been king, had his mother, Isabella died a sovereign,—are unacceptable either to the people or to the factions; Don Carlos, because he would reimpose the authority of the Church; the Duke, because he possesses just those housewifely virtues which are repellant to the Spanish imagination, and because Marshal Prim does not see his way to control him; and the young Prince, because he is his mother's son, and unfitted by character and education to play so lofty a part. Repulsed from all sides, baffled and weary, yet aware that the interregnum cannot go on for ever, the temporary rulers of Spain appear to have fallen back on the sovereignty lodged by the people in the Cortes, and to have resolved to elect a King by a process differing but little from that by which the Conclave elects the Popes, and an American Convention its candidate for the Presidency. A Bill is passing, or has passed, under which the Cortes bind themselves to elect any king who can obtain a majority of the total number of the votes returned. Originally it was proposed that the decision of a majority present at the sitting should prevail, but it was perceived that as the Duke de Montpensier is secure of some ninety followers, and no one else is secure of fifty, this would be equivalent to a previous acceptance of the Duke as King. Señor Roja Arias, therefore, on a hint from Prim, demanded that the election should be invalid unless some candidate received the votes of half the Cortes plus one, and after a fierce debate, in which Topete, the chief of the Montpensier party, displayed extreme agitation and annoyance, this amendment was carried. The programme, therefore, amounts to this. Either the Cortes must rise without electing a King, or the successive ballots must be taken, and some one candidate gradually accrete to himself the votes previously given to rivals, whose chances will thus, as in Conclave and Convention, gradually disappear. The scheme, if there is any honesty in the design—which we are inclined to believe—is by no means a bad one, but the experience acquired of its working in Rome and America is considerable, and points to one almost invariable result. The least hated candidate always comes out first. The electors will not vote for the men they know and hate much, but they will vote for the opponents they know and hate but little. Should ordinary experience prove any guide in Spain—and we frankly confess it seldom or never does—it would follow that all candi-



dates now before the public will be rejected, and that the election will fall either to somebody hitherto overlooked, or to some man bringing recommendations which overpower dislikes. To begin with, the Infante Alphonso may be dismissed. The ninety Montpensierists, eighty Republicans, and twenty or so of Prim's personal connections will vote against him, at all events, and the needful 179 cannot therefore be obtained unless the people outside should exercise an improbable coercion. His only chance is the feeling once or twice expressed in the Cortes, that the peasantry would regard his accession as an intelligible thing, a continuance of the usual, which peasants like. It will be more difficult to dismiss the Duke, for he might, under certain very improbable circumstances, receive the support of the Republicans, who, with his own party and a few waverers, could carry the election; but it is, on the whole, more probable that they would continue to oppose, and without them his number could not be made up except by the junction which Prim has always declined. The Duke of Aosta might stand well with Prim's support, if the Montpensierists, hopeless of their own candidate's success, would join in his nomination; but he is himself reluctant to accede, his father's people dislike the idea of a family alliance with Spain, and he belongs to a house at open war with the Catholic priesthood. Serrano is Espartero over again, an old and a childless man; and there remain but three candidates, — the "dark horse," that is, some unknown Prince to be selected by acclaim; and the two who can bring recommendations, the King of Portugal and Prim himself. The Marshal can offer Spain a certainty of material order, and though scarcely a statesman, has done his material work so well as greatly to have increased the respect of his followers in Spain. He has not let the Army out of hand, and he has suppressed every rising, Carlist or Republican, socialist, or clerical, with complete success. In any other country, he would probably be Sovereign; but in Spain the respect for old families and for history lies deep, his elevation would provoke endless military jealousy, and the gulf between him and the Republicans, though not perhaps impassable, is a deep one. A junction with the Republicans, if effected, might seat him by a kind of acclaim; but we believe that he desires Iberian unity, that he recognizes in the King of Portugal a man under whom he could remain the Mayor of the Palace, and that he perceives in Saldanha's dictatorship the first chance for securing union without a war of conquest. Portugal may be sepa-

ratist, but Saldanha's well-known Iberian tendencies have not diminished his ascendancy with the Army. Bitter as Portuguese feeling may be, it is by no means clear that were their municipal liberties secured, the people could resist Spain. Saldanha, and their own army all combined; or supposing some concessions made of a federal kind, that they would care to do it. On the other hand, Portugal is a noble dowry, the Braganzas are a popular family, and above all, a known family, in Spain; and the Republicans might, we believe would, postpone their first idea to their second, a federal republic to a semi-federal unity. Castelar almost admitted as much in his speech in favour of "our Portuguese brethren." Two other solutions are possible; Marshal Prim, or the unknown Prince; but of all, the most probable is the election of the dynasty of Braganza by a two-thirds' vote to the Sovereignty of Iberia. It is not, in our judgment, the best solution; but it is the one which may best pave the way towards the ultimate end, the reconstitution of the Peninsula in the form which its traditions, its manners, and its geography alike seem to suggest.

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From The Spectator.

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE greatest humourist whom England ever produced, — Shakespeare himself certainly not excepted, — is gone; and though we have no intention here of making one of those hasty estimates of his great achievements which journalists too often compose in haste to repent at leisure, it seems the fittest of all moments to call attention to one of the least calculable of all effects of a great humourist's career, the wonderful influence his writings have exerted in softening the strong lines of demarcation between the different classes of English Society, and the extraordinary stimulus they have thereby given to the various great efforts of the day for ameliorating wretchedness and reclaiming crime. That humour which so delighted in the grotesque as almost to make oddity a condition of the humourist's favour, should tend so powerfully as Mr. Dickens's humour has tended to soften the worst moral grotesquerie of society, is certainly curious enough. But so it unquestionably is. We may trace to "Oliver Twist" not only the first great wave of interest in the dangerous classes, — for the wonderful description of Charley Bates, the Dodger, and the other young thieves whom the

funny old gentleman educated in the art of picking pockets, undoubtedly produced the first movement for reformatory schools,—but also the first great attempt on the part of the public to discriminate between the wholesome severity of the Whig poor law and the vulgar selfishness of parochial cruelty. The gentleman in the white waistcoat who wanted to apprentice Oliver to the cruel sweep may be said to have been an incarnate protest by Mr. Dickens against that vulgar and fatal misinterpretation of the Whig policy which has since caused so dangerous a reaction against it; and Mr. Bumble and Mrs. Corney to have been his literary warnings against that selfish and wicked neglect of our workhouses, and especially the workhouse hospitals, which was two years ago revealed, to the horror and disgust of the public, in the reports of the *Lancet* and other papers. So, too, his Dotheboys Hall, in "Nicholas Nickleby," and especially his terrible picture of Smike, the lad starved and beaten into partial idiocy, gave the first great impulse to that indignant love for the young, and the pity for their helplessness, which in later times has almost passed into a worship of children. And yet Mr. Dickens has not only never been a professional philanthropist, but he has exerted his great powers to the utmost to ridicule professional philanthropy. In his very last work, which is, we deeply regret to learn, like Mr. Thackeray's last work, a mere fragment, though one in which his great powers seem to have caught some of the glow and freshness of his youth, the sketch of Mr. Honeythunder, the professional advocate for universal brotherhood, promised to turn out one of his greatest satirical pictures. Nobody can forget the ridicule he poured on Mrs. Jellaby and her flannel petticoats for the African missions, or the bitter severity with which he criticised the cut-and-dried certificated schoolmaster (Bradley Headstone) in "Our Mutual Friend." All he has done to soften the sharp distinctions between class and class has been done without any weakness at all for the technical agencies which, no doubt, in some greater or less degree, have been instrumental in accomplishing it. It was the great triumph of his humour to sharpen the vision of mankind for hideous moral contrasts which he knew as little as any of us how to remove; and for the systematic methods of attacking which he had even less taste than most other men,—his genius, like most other geniuses, revolting against system, and the conventional types it tends to produce.

Nor was it chiefly, we apprehend, even

by direct pictures of poverty, misery, and crime that Mr. Dickens effected so much in the way of alleviating the harsh contrasts of English society. Humour,—in his case certainly, and we believe it has almost always been so,—is a great solvent of all exclusiveness and intolerance, a great enemy to social, to intellectual, to moral, to religious bigotry,—so great that it sometimes tends even to obliterate the distinctions between good and evil altogether. How is it possible to think of hypocrisy without a laugh when we recall the image of Mr. Pecksniff, and how is it possible heartily to hate that which gives us so inexhaustible a fund of amusement? How is it possible not to be tickled by a man who speaks of his daughters' names with so much piety,—"‘Charity and Mercy, Mercy and Charity,’" said Mr. Pecksniff, 'not unholly names, I hope.' 'Charity, my dear, when you give give me my bed-candlestick to-night, remind me to pray for Mr. Jonas Chuzzlewit, who has done me an injury.'" And how can one see the same traits in real life, even in that confused and far more imperfect form in which we find them in real life,—not illuminated and separated from all the alloy of common-place fact by Mr. Dickens's genius,—without a touch of the genial feeling which they excited in us in the pages of the great humourist? After making acquaintance with Charley Bates and the Dodger, the present writer, then a boy, distinctly remembers that his horror of theft experienced a vast diminution, nor was it without admiring sympathy of the purest kind that he read the account of the Dodger's imperturbable coolness in the dock, where he reserves his defence on the ground that his attorney is breakfasting "with the vice-President of the House of Commons." The only vices the popular horror of which Mr. Dickens does not to some extent diminish by his humour, are those in which he finds no humorous aspect, such as the cruelty of Squeers. Yet even Quilp, who is pure cruelty, and Sally Brass, who, towards her poor little starved servant at least, is cruelty personified in a very horrible form, are so painted that we cannot altogether avoid the impression that their cruelty is a grotesque caprice of nature, horrible in itself, but hardly more detestable than the freaks of a cat with a captive mouse. And no doubt, to some degree this effect of humour in diminishing the horror we feel for the actual victims of vice and sin is perfectly just. The difference between our disgust for our own sins and the far greater disgust we feel for sins of which we know nothing, is almost all ignorance, and the

humourist who makes us see that the latter are as natural to those who indulge in them as ours are to us, teaches us nothing but the truth.

At the same time, it cannot be denied, we think, that if all the world were thoroughly imbued with Mr. Dickens's morality, the result must be not merely this perfectly just modification of feeling towards all types of evil of which little or nothing is familiarly known, but a tendency also to a specific preference for some failings over others, which is due to the particular type of Mr. Dickens's own character. Undoubtedly Mr. Dickens looked with a more approving eye on all the aspects of jollity, even though accompanied, as they so often are, with self-indulgent weaknesses; and with a detestation perfectly morbid on those meaner and harsher elements in human nature which are fatal to jollity. Mr. Wardle and Bob Sawyer and Ben Allen and John Brodie and Mr. Richard Swiveller, and Messrs. Weller, senior and junior, and Mr. Pickwick himself, and a host of other favourites of the novelist's are admirable chiefly for their powers of enjoying drink and meat and stolen kisses and general hilarity. Nobody will enter into Dickens completely without losing something of religious and moral intensity, and catching something of suspicion of all the austerer types of character. His pictures of the Shepherd, of Mr. Chadband, of Mr. Honeythunder, and Mr. Murdstone, are balanced by no pictures of an opposite tendency, and it can hardly be denied that the great humourist's private creed was very much contained in the precept to be genial with all men except such as are ungenial themselves,—who may very likely be hypocrites, and if they are not, are almost worse in their stony-heartedness than if they were. He was far too fond, also, of pushing his doctrine of geniality to the point of sentimental falseness, and even in his latest picture of the minor Canon who so laboriously pretends to needs pectacles in order to pay an implicit compliment to his aged mother's sharp sight, he has shown us that his own moral ideal was not quite simple and natural on the sentimental side of his nature.

Still the deficiencies, such as they were, in Mr. Dickens's literary morality have really done far less to relax the moral ideal of society unduly, than his marvellous powers as a humourist have done to teach us how unduly stringent it has often been through mere ignorance. He has taught us by his humour, as nothing else could have taught us, how full to overflowing what is called "vulgar" life is of all the human

qualities, good and evil, which make up the interest of human existence. His delight in the grotesque has done far more than ever Mr. John Stuart Mill by any philosophical defence of liberty could do, to make us tolerant towards individual eccentricity of almost every shade, and even to teach us to pet it with something like parental fondness. And he has given a greater impulse than any man of his generation to that righteous hatred of caste-feeling and class-cruelty which more and more distinguishes modern society, though he did not quite rise perhaps to that "enthusiasm of humanity" which some regard as the essence of Christianity itself.

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From The Saturday Review.

#### THE DEATH OF MR. DICKENS.

NOT only the English nation, but all nations and people that speak or understand the English tongue, will hear with the profoundest regret of the death of the great novelist; and no writer can undertake the melancholy task of noticing the loss we have sustained without feeling how large a blank is made by the sudden death of an author whose compositions have furnished one of the chief sources of intellectual wealth to this generation. The language of Mr. Dickens has become part of the language of every class and rank of his countrymen. The characters of Mr. Dickens are a portion of our contemporaries. It seems scarcely possible to believe that there never were any such persons as Mr. Pickwick and Mrs. Nickleby and Mrs. Gamp. They are to us not only types of English life, but types actually existing. They at once revealed the existence of such people, and made them thoroughly comprehensible. They were not studies of persons, but persons. And yet they were idealized in the sense that the reader did not think that they were drawn from the life. They were alive; they were themselves. And then the atmosphere in which they lived was one of such boundless fun, humor, and geniality. No book ever was or will be like *Pickwick* in this respect, and Mr. Dickens wrote it when he was twenty-four. Age did not certainly improve Mr. Dickens's powers, for, as must necessarily happen, his works were very unequal, and some of his later works were his worst. But it is astonishing to think what extraordinary wealth of creations of character of the first order of excellence he has left behind him. With the single exception of *Little Dorrit* there

is not one of his numerous stories that has not touches of the master-hand and strokes of indisputable genius. To a degree unequalled by any other novelist except perhaps Scott, he had the power of making the reader feel thoroughly at home in an imaginary world, and of being and living and moving in it naturally. No club of a benevolent old gentleman and a few friends ever went on as the Pickwick Club is represented to have gone on, just as no knights and barons and Jews and foresters ever went on as their representatives go on in *Ivanhoe*. But the world of the Pickwick Club and the world of *Ivanhoe* seem not merely entertaining and natural, but actually existing to the reader. And of all great novelists Mr. Dickens was far the easiest to read and re-read. *Pickwick* and *Martin Chuzzlewit* are exactly as entertaining the fortieth time they are read as the first. The goodness of the fun, the delightfulness of passages we know thoroughly well in them, takes us continually by surprise, just as Falstaff is always better if we open the book than we recollect him to be. And then the characters of Dickens are drawn from such a wonderful variety of sources. Without vulgarity they give a body to what we may imagine to be the varieties and habits of character in sets of persons with whom we are unacquainted. Sam Weller and his Mary are the expressions of all that a boots and a housemaid are capable of being; and as to the United States, all that can be said or thought of that portion of the life led there which comes within the sphere of a novelist is to be found in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. The characters of Mr. Dickens exist almost entirely in what they say, and this is the highest and rarest form of the art of the novelist. Balzac, for example, who on the whole has no superior and few equals in the composition of fictions, scarcely depends on the dialogue at all for giving a clue to the character; whereas Sam Weller, Dick Swiveller, and Mrs. Nickleby are scarcely known to us at all except by what they say. It is this peculiarity which perhaps has made the writings of Mr. Dickens so popular with persons of all classes, and all types and degrees of education. The sayings of the characters in them are recollected, but these sayings are themselves the constituent elements of the characters, and thus the characters of themselves become to the public a part of the public itself.

Undoubtedly the writings of Mr. Dickens had their defects, and he was far too great a writer to make any one hesitate to speak with equal freedom of these defects

and of the prodigious merit of his best compositions. He was to some extent a mannerist and a sentimentalist, and he was often the victim of some little trait of look or character that he had assigned to one of his imaginary personages, and on which he loved to dwell with a painful persistency and minuteness. In some of his later novels, too, there was an air of too much study of a particular effect, and a tendency to try to prove to himself and his readers that he was following rules of art which he had invented, and the following of which gave a virtue to what might otherwise be called tedious. But he did not over-write himself, and he never ceased to do his best. The story which he has left unfinished was full of life, interest, and brilliancy. The genius of no man can suffice to go on making great creations for ever, and no novelist has ever been independent of his experience and of his physical state, his spirits and his time of life at the period of composing. Even Shakspeare only drew one Falstaff, and some of his comic characters are only endurable because they are Shakspeare's. It is useless to pretend that the later writings of Mr. Dickens are equal to his earlier writings. After he was thirty-five he published nothing of first rate excellence except *David Copperfield*. Scott, on the other hand, published no novel at all until he was past forty. The difference was partly a difference in the class of fiction, but it was also due probably to the fact that the one writer began early and the other began late. There is no such thing as a boundless imagination, and the later writings of Mr. Dickens were worse than the earlier because he had gone through the finest creations of character that it was in his mind to conceive. But even if it is admitted that his range of creation was proved to be exhaustible, yet it is equally true that of characters neither sublime nor vulgar he had a greater range than any other novelist ever had. It is scarcely exaggeration to say that twice as many of such characters can be named from the writings of Mr. Dickens as can be named from the writings of any one of even the first writers of fiction. And then in all the best of his works the story is so good throughout. There is so little that is dreary or dull or poor, and the aspect of things presented to us is so pleasant and cheerful. The workhouse of *Oliver Twist*, the den of Fagin, the school of Mr. Squeers, are all lighted up with the drollery and oddity and rapid touches of quaint vitality that enter into the description. In his later works, Mr. Dickens became too minute in his descrip-

tions, and he was often minute in describing what had no power to interest the reader. But in his best novels the amount of life and movement that is put into each chapter is wonderful; and evidently, as has so often been the case with men of high genius, his characters grew and unfolded themselves to him as they did to others, so that he did not so much create them as seem the organ of their creation. All his richest and finest characters keep getting better as the story goes on. Bailey junior or Mr. Micawber or Dick Swiveller were probably at first of as little importance to the author as they seem to the reader; but as they were introduced again and again they were found to have things to say that made them what the reader knows them to be, and the excellence of which was perhaps sometimes surprising to the author himself.

Mr. Dickens, however, was to himself always something more than an artist. He set himself a variety of tasks, the due discharge of which seemed to him of great importance. He had certain doctrines in morals which he wished to inculcate. He was bent on preaching the views of charity and tolerance which he believed it to be of great use to men to hold, and to hold firmly. Much of the liberalism of the present day in England, and of its peculiar type, is due to Mr. Dickens. So far as the exclusiveness of religious sects has died away in England, its decay may fairly be in a large measure attributed to the circulation of Mr. Dickens's works in the families even of the most exclusively religious people. That there is fun and goodness in all sorts of persons, high and low, and even very low, was a theme on which he loved to dwell, and which he brought home to all his readers by the example of the characters he delineated. There was also in his works an unvarying respect for the sanctity of home and the goodness of woman. To be liberal, to be fond of fun, and to like a happy, innocent home, was the type of excellence he has set before the generation which he has largely influenced; and possibly his sentimentalism, while it wearied some of his more fastidious readers, may have helped to produce a good moral effect on the wider world which he attracted and enlightened. He was also a just man, a hater of petty tyranny, of the despotism of beadles, and the recklessness of the lower herd of schoolmasters. His evident sincerity of purpose gave a kind of dignity to his writings, and took away from them all air of coming from a man who was merely making merry to get money from the public. On one or two occasions he set himself to

attack abuses of a larger kind, the existence of which filled him with real pain and grief; and even if he exaggerated the slowness of Chancery and the inaptitude of the Circumlocution Office, it was clear he was attacking real abuses, which practical men since he wrote have striven hard to remedy; and satisfactory remedies for which are being only slowly and with great difficulty discovered. Lastly, he was an artist who was not only fond of his art and proud of his success in it, but who looked on art as imposing duties and responsibilities on those who devote themselves to it. He always accepted the applause of the public as a tribute not only to himself but to the calling he pursued, and to the high aims with which it might be connected. In all this he never faltered; and death has now stricken him down at a time when he has lately abandoned a source of great profit in order to give himself up to doing what he thought most worthy of him. That what he hoped to do must now be left for ever undone is a thought which will inspire many Englishmen with a sorrow scarcely less than that they would feel if a friend long known and long loved had been taken from them.

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From All the Year Round.

#### ANTICIPATED INVENTIONS.

SCARCELY any important invention starts at once into being; usually, it has had a long period of preparation, by men who reaped no profit from their labours. The world considers the inventor to be the person who gives the capital touch which imparts practical value to an original idea, whether or not he himself reap any portion of that value, and whether or not he be really more clever than the preliminary inventors who cleared the path for him. Dr. Johnson, looking out of his window in Bolt-court, one evening, saw a lamp-lighter much troubled to light a lamp; he did not succeed until there was a good deal of black vapour over the wick: whereupon the great lexicographer said, "Ah! One of these days we shall see the streets of London lighted by smoke." Was not the real idea of gas-lighting in Johnson's mind at that moment? And yet we do not call him an inventor. Long before Johnson's time, Dr. Clayton, about 1660, distilled coal in a retort, producing what he called "phlegm, black oil, and spirit;" this spirit was gas, which he confined in a bladder because he could not condense it into a liquid. He was wont to amuse his friends with burning this



gas as it issued from the bladder through holes pricked with a pin. This was a century and a half before streets were lighted by gas.

The Marquis of Worcester's *Century of Inventions* is a well-known repertory of new and strange curiosities. He wrote this book in the time of Charles the Second, and adopted the name "century" because there are a hundred projects described. Or rather, the projects are asserted, for none of them are so clearly detailed as to enable an artisan to work from them. The range of subjects is something amazing. Ships to resist any explosive projectiles, and boats to work against wind and tide, might be taken to prefigure our iron-clads and steam-boats. Large cannon to be shot six times in a minute, and a pistol to discharge a dozen times with once loading, certainly seem very much indeed like revolvers. A brass-mould to cast candles, is a verbally exact description of the means now used in making mould-candles, with the simple substitution of pewter for brass. A machine for dredging harbours, and a machine for raising ships for repair, are assuredly among the ways and means of modern hydraulic engineering. An apparatus for lighting its own lamp or candle at any predetermined hour of the day or night, was recently displayed in the metropolis, at one of the Working Men's Exhibitions; whether the ingenious fellow who made it, had read the Marquis of Worcester, we do not know. A calculating machine for performing addition and subtraction was made a hundred and fifty years after the Marquis talked about it in his book. A key that will fasten all the drawers in a cabinet with one locking, exactly expresses what Mr. Sopwith achieves with his Monocleid cabinet. New chemical inks for secret writing; new apparatus for semaphores or signalling; explosive projectiles to sink ships; an instrument for teaching perspective; a method of fixing shifting sands on the sea-shore; a cross-bow to shoot off two arrows at once; flying machines; an endless watch, to go without winding up; these are among the various novelties mentioned. It is difficult to decide how far the Marquis had really worked out any of these contrivances, either in his own mind or on paper; that he did not always advance so far as working models may be safely supposed. Nevertheless, he is believed to have made a model of something which we in our days would call a steam-engine; and he is known to have had a German artisan, Casper Kaltoff, in his employ, as model-maker and machinist.

The visitor at Raglan Castle, in Monmouthshire, is told of an ingenious mechanical contrivance with which the Marquis (who was lord of the castle in the times of the Civil War) contrived to baffle the Roundheads and befriended the Royalists on a critical occasion.

The beautiful art of photography is not so modern, in its leading principles, as most of us are in the habit of supposing. It was known nearly a hundred years ago that certain chemical substances are blackened, or at least darkened, by exposure to light; Scheele discovered this fact in relation to chloride of silver, and Ritter to nitrate of silver. Sir Humphrey Davy, Dr. Wollaston, and Mr. Wedgwood, actually obtained photographs in 1802, by taking advantage of this scientific discovery. A camera obscura was provided, through the lens of which the sun's light was admitted; the light was focalized on a small sheet of glass painted with a coloured device or picture; and then it fell upon a sheet of paper rendered sensitive by nitrate of silver. It was found that, according to the depth of colour through which the light passed, so did the paper become more or less darkened; reproducing the picture, not in colours, but with due gradations of light and shade. In this way, photographs (as we should now call them) were produced of patterns, figures, woody fibres of plants, wings of insects, and delicate designs of lace. But the affair died out, and was not revived for a long series of years; owing to this fact—that no *fixing* process had then been discovered. The photographs darkened and darkened, day by day, until no picture of any kind was left. Those clever men did three-fourths of the work nearly seventy years ago; but they failed to hit the remaining fourth: therefore they are not honoured as the discoverers of photography.

Not the least noteworthy of these instances is that which relates to the electric telegraph. The Jesuit Strada, in 1617, speculated on the possibility that there might, some day, be found a species of loadstone or magnet possessing much more wonderful properties than those long known. He supposed it to have such virtues, "that if two needles be touched with it, and then balanced on separate pivots, and the one be turned in a particular direction, the other will move sympathetically with it." If, then, two persons were possessed of two such magnetic needles, and settled upon a pre-arranged code, they might talk at any distance. He merely imagined such a stone, but did not venture to predict that it would ever be found. The same idea was developed somewhat more fully by Henry Vaa

Etten, in 1660, very likely after reading Strada: "Some say that by means of a magnet, or such like stone, persons who are distant from each other may converse together. For example, Claude being at Paris, and John at Rome, if each had a needle touched by a stone of such virtue, that as one moved itself at Paris, the other should be moved at Rome; then let Claude and John have a similar alphabet, and agree to speak every day at six o'clock in the evening. Let the needle make three turns and a half, to signal that it is Claude, and no other, who wishes to speak with John. Claude wants to signify, 'Le roi est à Paris,' and makes his needle stop at *L*. then at *e*, then at *r*, *o*, *i*, and so of the rest. Now, at the same time, the needle of John, agreeing with that of Claude, will go on moving, and stops at the same letters; so that he can easily understand or notice what the other would signify to him." Van Etten gave a diagram, showing the dial, needle, pivot, alphabet, &c., for working out the idea. He was very candid and honest, however, for he added: "It is a fine invention; but I do not think there is a magnet in the world which has such virtue." And he implied a danger: "Besides, it is inexpedient, for treasons would be too frequent, and too much protected." A pleasant paper in the Spectator gave a new turn to this idea, pointing out how two lovers could carry on a sentimental conversation whenever cruel distance separated them. Each lover must have a dial, with the requisite magnet, and all the letters of the alphabet; but, besides these letters, it should have "several entire words which have always a place in passionate epistles: as flames, darts, die, language, absence, Cupid, heart, eyes, being, dear, and the like. This would very much abridge the lover's pains in the way of writing a letter, as it would enable him to express the most useful and significant word with a simple touch of the needle." Those who have witnessed the action of Wheatstone's dial telegraph will perceive how closely this odd conceit of the writers of former days approximates to the actual results of scientific invention; for there are not only the letters of the alphabet around the dial, but there are also single signs to denote complete words. The cardinal point of difference is this: that the predictors imagined some kind of occult mystical connexion between the two dials; whereas, in the practical telegraph, there is a copper wire, with or without an enveloping cable, extending from one to the other, be the distance ten yards or ten thousand miles. It was in 1745, so far as is known, that a

wire was first made to convey an electric impulse to a considerable distance; Dr. Watson stretched a wire across the Thames near Westminster-bridge, and sent an impulse through it from one observer to another; it was, however, merely a shock: not a signal to be interrupted or discriminated. The first *talking* through a wire, appears to have been effected in 1787; when M. Lamond, a French electrician, arranged two electrical machines in two rooms of his house, with a wire connecting them. He agreed with Madame Lamond that the peculiar movements of two little pith balls, excited by an electric current, should denote certain letters or words; and thus a kind of conversation was carried on by working the two electrical machines in turn.

Those who are old enough to remember the Great Exhibition of 1851, held in the first Crystal Palace, in Hyde Park, may possibly call to mind the attention which was bestowed at that time on some stanzas by Chaucer, pointed out by one of his admirers as a prediction of that grand display. Striking it certainly is, in many respects. The House of Fame, consisting of some two hundred lines, is a fanciful description of a mighty assemblage held in a palace of glass; and considering that Geoffrey Chaucer wrote it four hundred and seventy years before the Great Exhibition was held, there was quite temptation enough to quote it. The poet, in a dream, fancied he was

Within a temple y-made of glas!

The present Queen Victoria, as we know, sat on a raised dais on the opening day (1st of May) of the Exhibition. Look at Chaucer's words:

In this lusty and rich place,  
All on high above a dais,  
Satte in a See imperiall,  
That made was of ruby royall,  
A feminine creature  
That never form'd by Nature  
Was soche another one I saie.

Of course her Majesty would not have accepted flattery quite so strong as this: but we may pardon it in the poet. On the Exhibition day some grand choral and instrumental music was performed: this was excellently prefigured by the poet:

And the heavenly melody  
Of songes full of armonie  
I heard about her throne of song,  
That all the palace weyl y-rong.

Then the nave of the palace, full of the gay trappings and the notable personages which marked the opening day:

Then saw I stoode on thother side,  
Streight downe to the doores wide,  
From the daies, many a pillere  
Of metall that shone out ful clere;  
But though they were of no richesse,  
Yet were they made for great noblesse.

If we want a prediction of all nations coming to the palace of glass, the following looks very much like it:

Then gane I loke about and see  
That there came ent'ring into the hall  
A right good company withall,  
And that of sondry regions,  
Of all kind of conditions  
That dwelle on yearth under the Moone,  
Poore and riche.

And when we remember that the exhibitors at that grand display competed for such fame and honour as prize medals, honourable mention, and the admiration shared by millions of visitors, it only requires a little stretch of the imagination to fancy them addressing the Queen in the following words:

"Madame," said they, "wee bee  
Folke that here beseechen thee  
That thou graunt us now good fame,  
And let our workes have good name;  
In full recompensacioun  
Of good workes, give us good renoune."

The language is here a little modernized from Chaucer, but the quaintness of style is preserved. These passages certainly go far towards justifying the pleasant popular idea that Chaucer pre-invented the Crystal Palace and the Great Exhibition of 1851.

Defoe threw off many thoughts which read very much like anticipations of the London University, the Foundling Hospital, the Royal Academy of Music, and the Metropolitan Police. But these are not so much inventions as establishments. In the same light perhaps may be regarded John Hill's scheme for a Penny Post, broached in 1659. Jasper, a Westphalian peasant, may be said to have predicted or imagined railways and locomotives, at a date when he certainly never saw such things in Germany; and when we were only just beginning to think about them in England. In 1830 he wrote: "A great road will be carried through our country from east to west, which will pass through the forest of Bodelschwing. On this road, carriages will run without horses, and cause a dreadful noise." There was Van Etten, already mentioned, who put forth schemes bearing a remarkable resemblance to real inventions of later date: such as the air-gun, the steam-gun, the hydraulic press, and raised letters for the use of the blind. The differential thermometer,

quite a modern invention as to actual construction, was very correctly pre-figured by the Jesuit Lana in 1675. Daniel Schwenken who wrote a thick quarto volume of descriptions in 1636, may assuredly be credited with a kind of pre-invention of the centrifugal pump, the diving-bell, and the diving-dress. Defoe's Captain Singleton, in his imaginary journey in Africa, sketches a central lake which bears a strong resemblance to one of those which Grant, Speke, Baker, Burton, and Livingstone have been exploring during the last few years. But this, if worth noting at all, was a pre-discovery, not a pre-invention; and it is surmised that some Jesuit had previously marked down some such lake on a map, either as a mental creation or as the result of investigation.

The story of the steam-boat is so well known that we need do little more than advert to it. There were several suggestions between 1476 and 1618, for moving boats on rivers by means of paddles or wheels; and some of them were acted upon; but the revolution of the paddles was brought about by mechanical means, not by steam power. Papin, the French inventor, certainly had the true idea in his mind, in 1690, when he said, "Without doubt paddles fixed to an axis could be most conveniently made to revolve by air cylinders. It would only be necessary to furnish the piston-rod with teeth, which might act as a toothed wheel, properly fixed to it, and which, being fitted at the axis to which the paddles were attached, would communicate a rotary motion to it." Jonathan Hulls actually did make a small steam-boat in 1736, or at least a model of one; it failed, but he may have had the germs of the true idea, nevertheless. There is said to have been a popular verified joke at Campden, in Gloucestershire, where Hulls lived, and where his great-grandson was living in 1851, to the effect that:

Jonathan Hulls  
With his paper skulls,  
Invented a machine  
To go against stream;  
But he, being an ass,  
Couldn't bring it to pass,  
And so was ashamed to be seen.

The civility and the poetry of this production are about upon a par.

There was a bit of jocularity in one of the magazines, about half a century ago, which told of wonderful inventions likely to be published in the papers of (say) the year 4797. The news-writers are supposed to

have to speak of a war between the Northern and the Southern States of America, in which the former invaded the latter with an army of one million four hundred and ninety thousand men. The reality, eight years ago, approached nearer to the actual wording of the extravagant idea, than the joker could have possibly supposed. But he goes on to quote, from the supposed newspaper of 1797, the following paragraph: "General Congreve's new mechanical cannon was fired last week at the siege of Georgia. It discharged in an hour eleven hundred and forty balls, each weighing five hundred pounds. The distance of the objects fired at was eleven miles; and so perfect was the engine that the whole of these balls were lodged in the space of twenty square feet." Of course, in the year 1821, it was mere reckless fun to talk of such calibres, weight of metal, repetitive or revolving action, range, and accuracy; but our Armstrongs, Whitworths, and Pallisers could tell us how steadily and wonderfully we are advancing towards results which are at least analogous if not exactly similar. Again: "Dr. Clark crossed the Atlantic in seven days. A fiction. But how near our Cunard steamers constantly bring it to a reality!

From The Spectator.

FRENCH STUDIES ON STERNE AND OTWAY.\*

FOR many years now English literature has enjoyed in France the benefit of really appreciative criticism. The articles of M. Philarrète Charles, afterwards those of M. Emile Montégut, in the *Deux Mondes*, on the principal writers and the works most *en vogue* amongst us, have generally surpassed in ability and truthfulness all but a very small number of the literary judgments passed in England on the same subjects. M. Taine has made of English literature the subject of one of his best works,—many would say, his masterpiece hitherto. The works before us afford a further proof of the interest taken by our neighbours in the literature of our country.

Of the two works in question, that of M. de Grisy on Otway—a thesis for the doctorate in letters—may be most briefly dismissed. It is careful, and shows an inti-

mate knowledge of modern dramatic literature. But the subject was hardly worth the pains which he has taken with it. In this busy nineteenth century, with Ireland undergoing a complete social and religious reconstitution, we really do not care to read 216 somewhat closely printed pages about a second-rate dramatist like Otway, whose life itself, so little can be told of it, scarcely fills three or four. Even if, as Englishmen, we could execute Lord Castlereagh's metaphor, and turn our backs upon ourselves, the very echoes of the French *plébiscite* rumbling in the distance would drown the ring of Otway's declamation, translated into M. de Grisy's French. We cannot, indeed, but regret that the writer, who really seems to know English, should still be so absurd as to talk of Shakespeare as the "immortel William." Would he designate Corneille as "l'immortel Pierre," or Racine as "l'immortel Jean"? We feel surprised that he should treat "Jacobite" as synonymous with Royalist, and speak of "la frivolité Jacobite, aidée par les lettres que Charles II. soumet à son absolutisme." We feel provoked that he should persistently write "Wicherly." We will not grudge him his judgment on Otway,—that there was in him "more than the beginning of a poet, nay, a whole poet, whom evil times and the hand of death mowed down before the hour of his maturity." But the next time he has to speak with us at such length, we hope he may have something more interesting to talk about.

M. Stapfer's work contains less matter in a bigger volume than M. de Grisy's but its subject is more attractive, the writer wields a more practised and brilliant pen, and he claims, moreover, to enrich our literature with a hitherto unpublished fragment by his author. He frankly confesses, indeed, in his preface that the account he gives of it is not likely to satisfy any one. One of his friends, Vice-Principal of Elizabeth College, Guernsey, being two years ago at York at the house of a lady friend, was told by her that she possessed an unpublished essay in Sterne's handwriting. He examined it, and obtained permission to borrow it for M. Stapfer, who was then preparing his book, and who returned it after taking a copy, intending eventually to ask from its owner a written account of the history of the MS. But the lady in question has since then fallen into a state of health which estops all correspondence with her, and the MS. can no longer be seen. It is unsigned, but M. Stapfer declares that the handwriting, which is very clear and firm, is identical with Sterne's.

\* Laurence Sterne, *sa Personne et ses Ouvrages: Etude précédée d'un Fragment inédit de Sterne*. Par Paul Stapfer. Paris: Ernest Thorin. 1870.

*Étude sur Thomas Otway: Thèse présentée à la Faculté des Lettres de Paris*. Par A. de Grisy, Docteur en Droit. Paris: Ernest Thorin. 1868.

On the whole, we see no reason for doubting in anywise M. Stapfer's story. The question is one substantially of internal evidence. The fragment, which makes up seventeen loosely printed pages of M. Stapfer's work, and is dedicated "to Mr. Cook," consists of a *jeu d'esprit* founded palpably on Fontenelle's *Plurality of Worlds*, but which recalls also directly as M. Stapfer well observes, the pages of Pascal on the Two Infinities. Walking in the orchard by starlight, the writer has been speculating on "the sublime notions of the modern philosophy, which makes the earth to be of the nature of a planet, moving round the sun, and supposes: all the fixed stars to be suns in their respective systems, each of them surrounded, like this of ours, by a quire of planets." Why may not all these planets be inhabited? "Has not the microscope given us sensible evidence of a vast number of new worlds? . . . We are situate on a kind of isthmus, which separates two infinities." It is hard to say "whether the solar system or a drop of pepper water affords a nobler subject of contemplation. . . . By a different conformation of its senses a creature might be made to apprehend any given portion of space as greater or less in any proportion than it appears to us. . . . I doubt not also but that by a different conformation of the brain a creature might be made to apprehend any given portion of time as greater or less in any proportion than it appears to us. . . . The vigour with which the mind acts does no way depend on the bulk of the body. . . . I can imagine that I might possess all the same mental powers and capacities, and exert as vigorous acts of thinking and willing as I now do, though my body were no bigger than the millionth part of a grain of sand." After speculating for some time in this way under a plum-tree, our philosopher deems it time to go to bed. Here he dreams himself into "a new state of being," in a "vast and commodious world," the heavens of which are enlightened "with abundance of smaller luminaries resembling stars, and one glaring one resembling the moon," but fixed and with no apparent motion. A dimmer light was given by a different "set of luminaries" or "second stars" various in magnitude and form, some crescent-shaped, others round. "Besides these, there were several luminous streaks running across the heavens like our Milky Way, and many variable glimmerings like our North Lights." The natural philosophy of this new world teaches that the world is "flat, immensely extended in every way," with the sky "spread over

it like a tent." Travelling, however, to a foreign country in quest of knowledge, our reader finds by degrees a considerable alteration in the heavens, sees the "luminaries gradually set, and a "huge dusky veil, like a cloud . . . only tinselled over with a faint glimmer of light," rise, till it sets in turn; then stars arise again, and the traveller comes again to the same country, and is convinced that the world is round. He is at first persecuted for his pains, then laughed at when he proceeds to draw certain new conclusions, as that the "second stars" shine with light borrowed from the great one; that the heavenly bodies are many of them as large even as the world he lives on, and the second stars inhabited. From the appearance of a "vast streak of light . . . on the edge of the dusky veil," he is led to predict the coming of some vast luminary, which would "enlighten the world with surprising splendour." But there begins "to be heard all over the world a huge noise and fragor in the skies, as if all nature was approaching to her dissolution." The stars seem "torn from their orbits," and "wander at random through the heavens," and some are by degrees "lost in the great dark veil." All is "consternation, horror, and amazement;" no less is expected "than an universal wreck of nature." Suddenly he awakes, and ordinary existence seems to him "so small and so inconsiderable" that he can hardly believe that the present is not a dream. He hurries into the orchard, and "by a sort of natural instinct" makes for the plum-tree. It is sun-rise, and "a brisk gale of wind" is abroad. He remembers a hint of Fontenelle's, "that the blue on plums is no other than an immense number of living creatures;" recognizes in the clusters of plums the "constellations of second stars" of his dream, except that some few were wanting, which he had himself seen fall. The "luminous streaks running across the heavens" were the branches; the variable glimmerings like Northern Lights were the playing of the leaves in the moonbeams. The "great dusky veil" was the earth which he had beheld from the under surface of his plum-world. The "vast streak of light" was the daybreak, the "fragor" that of the wind. "The time will come when the power of heaven shall be shaken, and the stars shall fall like the fruit of a tree when it is shaken by a mighty wind."

It seems to us impossible to doubt that this *jeu d'esprit* is good eighteenth-century writing by a first-rate author of the time, and we cannot therefore but be thankful to M. Stapfer for publishing it, whether it be



Sterne's or not. If it be his, we should say that it must be an early work, if not his earliest, and interesting accordingly. It is too elaborate and consecutive to our taste for the style of his latter days, and, if his, must belong to a period before the Shandish manner had been assumed. The handwriting, "d'une netteté et d'une fermeté remarquable," would entirely tally with the view of its being a work of his youth, before his health broke down. And until the contrary be shown, we see no reason for doubting the genuineness of the fragment. The hypothesis of its early date would, indeed, explain the fact of its having lain so long unpublished, since whatever he wrote in latter days would be at once snapped up by the publishers. That it should have remained at York, Sterne's chief resort, till *Tristram Shandy*, first published at York itself, sent him straight into the highest and most brilliant London society, — probably with some friend to whom he had handed it over, and from whose hands he did not afterwards care to recall it, — seems perfectly natural. Can not "Mr. Cook," to whom it is addressed, be identified? Was there any prebendary of the name, say, within ten or fifteen years after 1738, when Sterne was presented to the vicarage of Sutton?

We have dwelt so long upon the fragment that we have no space left for M. Stapfer's work itself. He frankly states that its matter is all in Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's "Life" of Sterne (1864), that he has but to "choose and compose." But most readers will prefer his single volume to Mr. Fitzgerald's two, and deem that he has said

quite enough about one whom M. Emile Montégut has called "the smallest of men of genius."

M. Stapfer's acquaintance with the English language and literature is extensive and familiar. He has, however, missed the sense of "death-watch" in translating it "l'horloge de la mort," — a version which piles a further weight of solemnity on the poor little beetle's shell. And he certainly is not fair in charging upon poor Smollett whatever Sterne might choose to father on his Smellfungus.

M. Stapfer's work contains many happy, and some remarkable pages. Those in which he supports Sterne's opinion of the *seriousness* of the French nation are not the least so. We have but space for the last paragraph of the chapter: —

"If seriousness, since Malherbe's time, becomes more and more characteristic of our literature and of our language, does not gaiety become less and less the mood of our society? Here the word 'serious' is no longer sufficient, it ceases even to be correct; the French are sad at bottom. You see them in crowds and always in motion hastening wherever there is amusement; you hear their bursts of noisy joy, and you exclaim, 'what a gay people!' But do you not see that they are trying to stun themselves? How should they not be sad? After a century of successive interminable revolutions, of shakings and minings of old faiths, their horizon in this life remains uncertain and storm-charged, the heavenly horizons are more and more blotted out from before their eyes. Our grandfathers, whom Sterne found so serious, had for being grave motives quite similar to those of their grand-children."

In modern French parlance, a civil interment (*enterrement civil*) means an interment divested of any religious ceremony whatsoever. Civil interments are becoming every day more frequent, especially in Paris, but hitherto they have been confined entirely to the lay classes of society. The recent burial of the Cure d'Ecardenville in Normandy is, we believe, the first instance of a French parish priest being carried to his grave without the offices of the Church. The circumstance has excited no little interest, and the brother of the defunct cure, M. Larroque, has thought it necessary to publish an explanatory letter: —

My brother (he writes) had appointed as his executor one of his nephews, who having attended him on his death-bed, and believing he knew my brother's real intentions, resolved on his own responsibility to have a civil interment. My brother, in truth, al-

though a priest, had been for many years a free-thinker, and made no secret of it. He believed, like Rousseau's "Vicaire Savoyard," in a perfectly just and good God and in a future life; but he did not believe in the dogma of Christian theology; consequently he confined himself in his ministry to the teaching of morality, though not, indeed, of that false morality which claims to be independent of all religious conceptions. It will doubtless be asked why, holding such opinions, he did not resign his functions. I would have done so in his place. It must be said, however, that by remaining the obscure pastor of a village, when his learning and his talents might have justified him in aspiring to the highest ecclesiastical dignities, he considered that he was rendering himself useful to a few humble souls. Was he right or wrong? The respect I owe his memory debars me from passing judgment on his motives. I will only add that he died in a situation bordering on poverty, and that he bequeathed to the poor of his parish the small sum which will remain available after all claims are satisfied.

P. LARROQUE.

Pall Mall Gazette.